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WINTER, 1915.



Following the Drum

N Officer who had been wounded during the fighting at Loos tells of a remarkable incident which occurred a few days before the big attack. The men in the trenches were enjoying a brief respite from "whizbangs" and "Jack Johnsons." In the language of the *communiqués* there was "comparative calm" on that part of the front, although the men may have been inclined to think that there were more comfortable occupations than crouching knee-deep in mud in a salubrious dug-out. They may even have been "grousing"—as the best and worst of us sometimes do—when their attention was attracted by a large board which was being hoisted slowly out of the enemy trenches. The lines at this point were only a short distance apart, and the soldiers had no difficulty in reading the words inscribed in big glaring letters on the board:—

"THE ENGLISH ARE FOOLS."

But German jibes of that kind did not provoke even a retaliatory rifle shot. The board was pulled

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down, and a few minutes later it reappeared with a second line added :—

“ THE FRENCH ARE FOOLS.”

This, too, was received with good-natured tolerance. The board disappeared, and after the lapse of a few moments was hoisted slowly above the sand-bags protecting the trenches. This time a third line had been added :—

“ THE GERMANS ARE FOOLS.”

Matters were getting interesting, and when the board was slowly lowered down, its reappearance was awaited with more than mild curiosity. It came, and this time the men in the trenches read the final words :—

“ LET US ALL GO HOME.”

That, perhaps, was a counsel of perfection. It is doubtful if even troops trained in the school of Herr Liebknecht and Mr. George Bernard Shaw would have translated that advice into practice. At the same time the incident may serve as a text for certain reflections on “ following the drum ” as a national policy, on “ the net purport and upshot ” of European militarism in general, and on the effects of the system in Scotland in particular.

The great world-war has been raging for seventeen months. Blood has been shed like water on the battlefields of France and Flanders, of Serbia, Gallipoli and Galicia. Three million men, the flower of the manhood of Europe, have been killed, and millions

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more have returned home maimed and broken in the wars. All the belligerent nations are staggering under a burden of debt—debt hitherto undreamed of in the history of finance. Alike in blood and treasure, Scotland has been paying her full share in that costly and sanguinary campaign.

No Scotsman can read without a thrill of pride of the part which the Highland regiments have played in the great war. They have upheld the finest traditions of Scottish arms on the bloodiest battlefields of history. Never men fought more bravely than the Highlanders who led in the great attack at Loos, or the Scoto-Australians who stormed the shell-swept beaches at Gallipoli. Probably no other troops in the world would have carried out successfully that hazardous landing. But that feeling of pride in our Scottish soldiers is tempered by sorrow, for there is scarcely a strath or glen, scarcely a village or hamlet in the whole of broad Scotland on which the shadow of the war has not fallen. Even on that fateful day when the "floors o' the forest were a' wede away," the loss was but a handful compared with the long roll of Scottish soldiers who have fallen on the battlefields of Flanders. Mingled with Scotland's pride and sorrow, is yet another feeling—a feeling, a conviction, that grows in strength as the long roll of killed and wounded bulks larger and more ominous—"Never again" shall the young manhood of Scotland be called upon to offer such an appalling sacrifice to the red-fanged god of war.

It was Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, I think, who told of a wounded soldier's quiet determination to return

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to the trenches for his children's sake, since we had "got to finish it proper." "No more of this bloody rot for the kids, and chance it," he exclaimed. Scottish soldiers, as well as civilians, will reecho that aspiration. The war will have been fought in vain unless, by prudent and far-seeing statesmanship, the Allies secure such a settlement as will render impossible another human holocaust.

Meanwhile it is essential that we should grasp clearly the historical significance of the part which Scotland has played in the great wars of the past. Burns's Jolly Beggar, the Son of Mars, was not by any means the first Scotsman to clatter on his stumps at the sound of the drum, and he certainly will not be the last. At the call of the drum, Scotsmen have marched to "Victory or Death" in many hard-fought campaigns. From a military point of view, the record is an inspiring one. Not so, however, the political aspect. In "following the drum" Scotland has been involved in wars of conquest and in empire-building exploits in which there was sometimes little honour or glory. At the same time, when the eyes of Scotsmen were at the ends of the earth, when they were fighting valiantly in English wars of aggression, their own land was made the happy hunting-ground of wealthy sportsmen, and the vital interests of the country were sacrificed by our Highland lairds for a few paltry pieces of silver. That is what "following the drum" has meant to the people of Scotland. One eminent historian has said that Scotland's part was merely to find the men and the money for the wars waged by England. He was referring, it is true, to

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the foreign wars of the Seventeenth Century, but a survey of military events since the Union of the Parliaments shows that there are other periods to which the remark is equally applicable.

It is scarcely necessary to recall how the Highland regiments have fought in the great wars of the past. These thrilling stories are familiar to every Scotsman. It was the Black Watch which, with an almost reckless bravery, covered the retreat at Fontenoy, and averted a disgraceful rout ; it was the men of this same Highland regiment who led the costly attack at Triconderoga, scrambling on one another's backs in a forlorn attempt to storm the entrenchments. It was the Fraser Highlanders who scaled the Heights of Abraham—200 feet of almost sheer precipice,—and Scottish soldiers bore the brunt of the subsequent heavy fighting which added Canada to the Empire. The Black Watch was one of the few regiments from which the Americans fled during the War of Independence. Every Scottish lad knows how “the hackle”—the red plume of the gallant 42nd—was won by that headlong charge against the French cavalry at a critical moment during the retreat on Bremen in 1794. The Highlanders—the Camerons, the Gordons, and the Black Watch—fell at Waterloo like leaves at Vallambrosa. The heroism of the Highland Brigade at Alma ; of the Black Watch, the Camerons, and the Sutherland Highlanders at Balaclava ; of Sir Colin Campbell and his gallant men at Lucknow ; of the Seaforths and Gordons who fought with Lord Roberts at Kabul and Kandahar ; of the men who faced death fearlessly at Majuba Hill ; of the Highland Regiments

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at Tel-el-Kebir and Omdurman—the story of all these hard-fought fights will not readily be forgotten by Scotsmen. What we do too frequently forget, however, is that more than one of these wars have been waged against the principles of democracy and self-government; some have been waged against little nations “rightly struggling to be free,” some of them in order to collect shekels for English and Jewish money-lenders, while others have been merely buccaneering and empire-building exploits. For most of these wars, England has been directly responsible. In all of them Scotland’s contribution of blood and treasure has been heavy beyond measure—out of all proportion to her wealth and population. What has been the net result of this Imperial policy of “following the drum” on the part of the people of Scotland? What is the verdict of history on the wars between France and England—the wars which ended with the Treaty of Paris in 1763? Did the cause for which the Highland regiments fought in the American War of Independence add to the lustre of Scottish arms? Was it not rather a tragic example of the bungling and ineptitude of John Bull—a suggestion of the racial kinship of the English and Germans? Was not Lord Chatham justified in his vehement opposition to the “German War” in which these kingdoms had at that time become entangled? Are Scotsmen and Englishmen proud of the fact that they were dragged at the heels of Frederick II., and that we to-day are still paying interest on the national debt which was incurred through helping to win for Prussia the strong position which she has since occupied in Europe? How many

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students of history to-day will say a single word in defence of that tragic blunder, the Crimean War—a war in which thousands of Scottish soldiers perished through disease and privation and the bungling and incompetence of the Government of the day? Does the heart of the Scotsman thrill with pride as he remembers how Highland regiments helped to collect the debts of the bond-holders from the fellaheen of Egypt? These are questions which call for no answer. The truth—stark-naked and unembellished—is that England's wars of the past, with scarcely a single exception, have brought neither honour nor glory to the nation, and that "following the drum" has been a costly and profligate game for Scotland. "Famous victories" have been won, of course, but when little Peterkin asks what good came of it at last, it is sometimes difficult to give any other answer than that of old Caspar.

That, it is true, is not a peculiarity of English wars. Certain purple patches are no doubt associated with the names of great military geniuses—Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon—but these purple patches must not be mistaken for the really great periods of a nation's history. Bismarck himself, who was perhaps war-maker, rather than warrior, discovered that bitter truth when the fruits of militarism began to turn to dust and ashes on his lips. "Nobody loves me for what I have done," said the disillusioned Chancellor. "I have never made anybody happy, nor myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy? But for me three great wars would never have been fought; eighty thousand men

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would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters, widows, would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . But I have had little or no joy from my achievements, nothing but vexation, care, and trouble."

I have said that the policy of "following the drum" has involved Scotland in many of the costly and aggressive adventures of the Predominant Partner; it has also led to the neglect of home industries, notably agriculture, and has been accompanied by rural depopulation on a scale which has probably never been witnessed in any other country in the civilised world. In a recent issue of *The Scottish Review* I had occasion to emphasise the direct and vital bearing of the land question on the problem of national defence. Commenting on this article, a Northern critic, with the garrulous fatuity of the unthinking, declared that the discussion of the land problem in this connection, and in these troublous times, was altogether inopportune—and that, too, just a few days after the Government had appointed three special committees to enquire into the best means of augmenting the food supply of the country! It cannot be too strongly insisted on that, from the militarist point of view, from the point of view of national defence—apart altogether from questions of social well-being—a vigorous and numerous rural population is vitally essential. Agriculture in piping days of peace is the foundation of our commerce and industry; in war-time it is one of the most important sources of a nation's strength. These fundamental truths have been more fully appreciated by the Germans than by the de-

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mocracy of Scotland and England. Prince Von Buelow, in particular, has frequently insisted on the importance of agriculture from the militarist point of view.

"Agriculture," says the Ex-Chancellor, "is the mother of the nation's strength which industry employs, the broad acres in which the trees of industry and commerce stand, and from which they derive their nourishment. Every weakening of agriculture means a weakening of our power of defence, a diminution in our national strength and safety. The protection of our armaments in undiminished strength demands a strong and numerous rural population." In the organisation of Germany's resources for war purposes, the greatest of rural industries was not overlooked. Within a few weeks after the outbreak of war the country was divided into 156 districts, special authorities being appointed for the purpose of conserving and developing the agricultural resources. The manufacture of "bread-bullets," as well as the making of shells, was organised with systematic thoroughness. But for this fact, "the Siege of the Germans," as Mr. Hilaire Belloc terms it, would have been a much less formidable task than it is to-day. It is to be hoped that the day will never dawn on which England and Scotland will adopt the military methods of Germany, but in regard to the organisation of the agricultural resources of the country there is certainly a great deal to be learned from the enemy. In an interesting little book published recently, entitled "In Germany To-day," the author, "A Neutral," who had spent a considerable time in "the Fatherland" during the

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period of the war, notes some striking and instructive contrasts between England and Germany :—

One such contrast is afforded by a comparison of the wide and fertile lands of England where grass is grown, and broad parks stretch for miles in wonderful summer beauty, with the sandy soil of Brandenburg, where one travels, mile upon mile, through well-cultivated fields covered with green wheat and rye, and where old folks and children plant every spare foot with potatoes. This is an object-lesson in waste and economy, in the absence and presence of control of national energy, and in the subordination of everything to the needs of war.

Even more marked is the contrast between these carefully-cultivated valleys of Germany and the desolate glens in the Highlands of Scotland, given over to sheep and deer, and "sanctuaries" for grouse and geese. All this is perhaps a digression, but it is evidently necessary to emphasise once more the important bearing of land reform on the question of national defence.

So selfish and unpatriotic has the conduct of the Scottish landlords been in this respect that one sometimes wonders that the response of the men of the North to the call of the drum has been so spontaneous and magnificent. It speaks volumes for the Scotsmen's love of country that they should be ready to shed their life's blood for a land where they may not even catch a trout in a hill-side burn, or call a single foot of heather and bent their own—where the only land they are ever likely to possess is the little plot reserved for them in the nearest cemetery. Even that will have no doubt been acquired at the monopolist's own price! Evidently the spirit of Edie

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Ochiltree—and it is a fine spirit too—is not dead in Scotland: “Me no muckle to fight for?” said the old beggar. “Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsidies that I gang danderin’ beside, and the hearths o’ the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o’ weans that come toddlin’ to play wi’ me when I come about a landward toon?”

The reward of Scotsmen for “following the drum,” however, has seldom been commensurate with the heavy price they have paid for the privilege. The employment of Highlanders in the army dates practically from the ‘Forty-Five, and during the next fifty or sixty years the North of Scotland was by far the finest recruiting ground in the three kingdoms.* Between 1775 and 1808, 80,000 stalwart soldiers were enlisted in the Highland area. “From Skye alone,” says one writer, “there came 10,000 men, including 600 Commissioned Officers, 48 Colonels, and 21 Generals.” How these gallant Highlanders fought, we have already seen. But while they were shedding their blood in foreign lands, evictions on a wholesale scale had already begun. Whole clans were ruthlessly expelled from their native glens—some of the evicted were banished across the seas, and others doomed to end their days in the slums of our great cities. Sheep and deer were valued more highly than the clansmen who had fought their country’s battles. These incidents form one of the blackest chapters in Scottish history—a damning indictment of Highland

* This aspect of the question is very fully discussed in an able and brilliant article on “The War and the Highlands,” contributed by “A. M. E.” to the Spring number of *The Scottish Review*.

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landlordism. Sir Walter Scott himself, fine old Tory though he was, was stirred by the tragedy of the evictions. In the *Legend of Montrose* he makes Sergeant More M'Alpin chose Gandercleugh as his home because of the desolation of his native glen. The Sergeant had fought in the foreign wars, and had hoped to spend the evening of his days "in the wild Highland glen, in which when a boy he had herded black cattle and goats, ere the roll of the drum made him cock his bonnet an inch higher, and follow its music for nearly forty years. To his recollection, this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the happy valley of Rasselais would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came, he revisited the loved scene ; it was but a sterile glen, surrounded with rude crags and traversed by a northern torrent. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths—of the cottage of his fathers he could distinguish but a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race from which he boasted his descent had found a refuge across the Atlantic. One Southland farmer, three grey-plaided shepherds, and six dogs now tenanted the whole glen, which in his youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, two hundred inhabitants. What added to Sergeant More M'Alpin's distress upon the occasion was that the chief by whom this change had been effected was, by tradition and common opinion, held to represent the ancient leaders and fathers of the expelled fugitives ; and it had hitherto been one of Sergeant More's principal subjects of pride to prove,

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by genealogical deduction, in what degree of kindred he stood to this personage. A woful change was now wrought in his sentiments towards him. 'I cannot curse him,' he said. 'I will not curse him; he is the descendant and representative of my fathers. But never shall mortal man hear me name his name again.'"

The desolation of Scotland did not end, however, with the evictions which roused the indignation of Sergeant More M'Alpin. The depopulation of the Northern Counties has indeed been going on systematically ever since, until to-day over 3,000,000 acres have been given over to grouse and deer, the leverets play on the deserted hearthstones of the crofters, and over one-half of the population of Scotland is "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" within tenement barracks in the large industrial centres. Professor Patrick Geddes, in his newly-published book, *Cities in Evolution*," gives a vivid word picture of modern Scotland :—

There is no word which can convey to the ordinary English readers—who still cling to the national idea on which they were brought up, of homes as separate houses, of each family with its own bit of ground, at least its yard, however small—the full content and sorrow of our Scottish cities—historic Edinburgh, Great Glasgow, Bonnie Dundee, and minor ones, with burghs without number, manage to condense and to express in them, in one sense, high traditions of "Working-class Tenements." Inspiring name! These are inhabited by the majority of the Scottish people, more than half of the whole population, in fact, are in one and two roomed tenements—a state of things unparalleled in Europe or America, in fact in the history of civilisation. To realise these Scottish conditions with any measure of town-planning concreteness, the English

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reader must build up for himself a model, if indoors, with small packing-cases up to the ceiling ; or, if he be rustic enough still to possess an adequate backyard, small one- and two-chambered coops and hutches would be the thing if he could but get enough—piled storey above storey—four, five, and six—to keep within modern regulations—around a single lofty spiral ladder. . . .

Yet this Scotland is the nation which, up to the beginning of the Industrial Age was, save Norway, the most rustic and the most stalwart in Europe. It is now the most urban ; and how far deteriorated it is happily not here our present duty to inquire.

Such is the result of industrialism and commercialism in Scotland—or rather of industrialism hampered by antiquated land laws—of “ following the drum,” and of the grasping policy of Scottish lairds.

Even militarists themselves have probably realised by this time that, from the point of view of national defence, such a policy is suicidal. The men from the slums and super-slums have fought magnificently, but when the pibroch sounds in the deserted Highlands the summons remains unanswered. By our criminal neglect of land reform and social reconstruction, Scotland has been drained of its best fighting men. The causes that led to the depopulation of the Highlands and the concentration of the population in a few big towns are, of course, partly economic, but not by any means wholly so. The selfish policy of “ grab ” pursued by the Scottish landlords has also been responsible in great measure for the depopulation of the North, and the consequent weakening of the defensive forces of the country.

Notwithstanding this handicap, the response of Scotland to the call of the drum has been magnificent. In proportion to population no part of the three

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kingdoms is better represented in the firing line to-day. It is now known that the number of men under arms exceeds 3,000,000.* What Scotland's contribution has been to that vast force the military authorities, in their wisdom, refuse to say. Mr. G. N. Barnes, declares, however, that he knows of one town in Scotland where there is not a single available recruit. They have all enlisted. Among recruiting sergeants there is a saying that if conscription were introduced into this country to-morrow it would have very little effect because every man who can be spared is with the colours. That is perhaps an exaggeration, but, at any rate, Scotland's contribution to the Allied armies is much in excess of the 320,000 men which would have been her equitable share in proportion to population. Taking into consideration the men of Scottish birth who are fighting with the Canadians, the Australians, and New Zealanders, I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the number of Scotsmen who have rallied to the colours in the hour of crisis exceeds half-a-million.

Scotland's part in the great war is not, of course, confined to mere numbers. In spite of the iron grip of the censor, in spite of the foolish and ostrich-like policy pursued by the military authorities, it is a matter of common knowledge that some of the bravest deeds of the war have been performed by the Highland regiments. In the advance at Loos, Scots regiments bore the brunt of the attack. It was a Scottish division

* The Lord Derby canvass has been completed since the foregoing was written, and there is every reason to suppose that the number of men under arms will soon approach 4,000,000.

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which was ordered to take Loos and Hill 70—and they did so at a terrible price, although lack of support for their magnificent heroism lost part of what had been gained. Advantage was not taken of the success gained by the Scottish regiments ; indeed, according to the French story of the fight, had reinforcements been at hand to support the exhausted Scottish division, the German line would have been pierced like card-board. That was but one of many occasions on which the Scottish regiments have faced fearful odds, and have displayed a heroism and indomitable courage as fine as has ever been recorded in the pages of history. After the first battle at Ypres, one Highland regiment of 1100 men could muster only 73 at the roll-call. Another 1300 strong left over 1000 dead and wounded on the field of battle. These are but isolated instances which might be paralleled many times in the story of the Gordons, Camerons, Seaforths, Black Watch, Scots Guards, and other Scottish regiments. Mr. John Buchan has told how during the advance at Festubert a detachment of the Scots Guards lost touch with the main army and were surrounded :—

For them, as for the steel circle around the King at Flodden, there could be no retreat. When some days later we took the place, we found the Guards lying on the field of honour with swathes of the enemy's dead around them. The history of war can show no nobler ending.

The story of how the Scottish regiments fought in the great war will form one of the finest chapters in the military history of the three kingdoms. But, while our soldiers have been facing, with splendid courage, perils hitherto undreamed of on the field of

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battle, the liberties of the nation as a whole have been gravely menaced—just as the privileges and rights of the Highland clansmen were filched from them while they were fighting on foreign fields of battle. Before touching on that aspect of the question, however, it will be necessary to examine more closely the financial situation as it affects Scotland, for the two subjects are closely knit together.

In dealing with the finances of the war, and the colossal debts which the nations are piling up, it is difficult to avoid speaking in superlatives. Indeed, even superlatives convey but a vague idea of the actual cost of this titanic conflict. A comparison with some of the other big wars of the past 120 years may perhaps serve our purpose better.

The Napoleonic wars lasted for practically nineteen years—1796 to 1815—and during that time, treasure to the value of £3,000,000,000 was blown away in gunpowder.

The Crimean war of 1854-56 cost the nations involved £340,000,000, not to mention the lives of 785,000 men, 600,000 of whom died from disease and hardship.

The Anglo-American war of 1812-14 cost £40,000,000.

The United States Mexican war cost £36,000,000.

The Italian war of 1859 cost £60,000,000.

The Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864 cost £5,000,000.

The American Civil war 1861-5 cost £1,600,000,000.

The war between Prussia and Austria in 1865 cost £65,000,000.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 cost £600,000,000.

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The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 cost £220,000,000.

The Zulu and Afghan war of 1879 cost £30,000,000.

The China-Japan war of 1894-5 cost £12,000,000.

The Anglo-Boer war of 1899-91 cost £260,000,000.

The Spanish-American-Phillipines war, 1898-1902, cost the three countries involved £160,000,000.

The cost of the Russo-Japanese 1904-5 war was £345,000,000.

The total cost of these wars is approximately £6,770,000,000. But even that huge sum does not cover the whole cost of "following the drum." During the past century there were innumerable little wars. England dragged Scotland into no fewer than eighty of these Empire-building exploits, while other nations have had their own share of buccaneering expeditions. The cost of these minor wars may, at a very moderate estimate, be put at £500,000,000; accurate statistics are difficult to obtain, but the figure mentioned is certainly not an overestimate. That is to say, the wars of the "civilised" world since the beginning of the Napoleonic era have involved an expenditure of about £7,300,000,000.

Compare with this admittedly colossal sum the war-bills of the belligerent nations during the past seventeen months—that is to say from the outbreak of hostilities to the end of 1915. The expenditure of the United Kingdoms is now over £4,000,000 a day—indeed, inclusive of our financial obligations to certain of our allies, it is approximately £5,000,000 daily. The drain in France, so far as money is concerned, is scarcely so heavy. The Bill which M. Ribot laid before the Chamber fixed the total of the credit re-

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quisite for the last three months of the current year at £244,000,000. From August 1st, 1914, to Dec. 31st, 1915, the credits demanded by the Government have reached a total of £1,120,000,000—an expenditure of approximately £2,250,000 a day. Mr. H. J. Jennings, who writes with knowledge and authority on international finance, estimates* that France's daily expenditure is £2,500,000. Russia's expenditure he puts down at £2,000,000. He is convinced that Germany's bill is even bigger than our own, in spite of her vast accumulation of war material before the struggle began, and he accepts in the main the estimate of a Dutch writer who puts Germany's outlay at £125,000,000 a month.

The expenditure of Austria-Hungary cannot be much less than £2,000,000 a day, while Italy and Turkey are put down at £1,500,000 each. Serbia and Belgium are also adding their own little quota to the huge total. Mr. Jennings calculates that the war is costing Europe £17,000,000 a day†—apart altogether

* See September number of the *British Review*.

† Mr. F. W. Hirst, the Editor of the *Economist*, speaking recently at Leeds, estimated the daily cost of the war to the principal belligerents at :—

The Triple Monarchy,	£5,000,000
Germany,	£4,000,000
France,	£2,500,000
Russia,	£2,500,000
The Dual Monarchy,	£2,500,000
Italy,	£1,500,000
<hr/>			
Total per day,	£18,000,000
Total per year,	£6,575,000,000

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from the loss of human life, the destruction of property, and the indirect loss through the withdrawal of some 14,000,000 men from productive work. Accepting Mr. Jennings' figures, it will be seen that up to December 31st of this year, the war will cost the belligerent powers £8,800,000,000—£1,500,000,000 more than the whole of the world's wars from the beginning of the Napoleonic era to the close of the first decade of the Twentieth Century !

Even that colossal sum—a sum which the imagination can scarcely grasp—does not represent the net havoc of the whirlwind of destruction that has swept over Europe. Of the loss of property in Belgium, France, and Galicia, as well as on the high seas, it is scarcely possible to form a reliable estimate, while the loss sustained to the belligerent nations by the withdrawal of 14,000,000 men from productive work cannot be less than £1,500,000,000. The national debts of all the countries engaged in the war have been mounting up at an alarming rate. In little more than a year—from July, 1914, to August, 1915—the national debt of the United Kingdom rose from £720,000,000 to £1,765,000,000, while France, Germany, Austria, and Russia have been following hard in the same direction. Mr. Jennings's suggestion that the debts of the belligerent powers may be trebled does not seem by any means without the bonds of probability. In that case the sum to be raised every year, for interest alone, would be £660,000,000 a year. This would have to be paid by a population of 427,000,000, which would involve a yearly contribution of 30/- per head, apart altogether from the very substantial contribution

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which it would be necessary to levy for the purposes of the sinking fund.

Mr. F. W. Hirst, the distinguished economist, in his book, *The Political Economy of War*, quotes the calculation that "the European working man of the present day has to work a whole month in the year to defray the cost of war and armaments; and in most countries he has to work a week or two longer to pay interest on national debt." That calculation, however, refers to the halcyon days before the shadow of the great war fell like a blight on Europe. To-day—and for future generations—the burden will be immeasurably heavier. In the first year of the war these Kingdoms added £1,000,000,000 to the National Debt. That another thousand millions will be required before the war is over seems almost inevitable—in all likelihood a good deal more. At the lowest computation the taxpayers will have to provide interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, on an additional £2,000,000,000—that is to say £90,000,000 extra every year. To that must be added a heavy annual bill for pensions to war-widows, and to the halt, the maimed, and the blind—the terrible army of those "broken in the war." To this, I am afraid, must also be added the almost inevitable increase in the size of the Army and the Navy, which will be insisted on after the war, while in the interests of financial economy a fairly substantial sum ought to be set aside every year to pay off a modest portion at least of the huge war debt. There is always the alternative, of course, that "the people, like over-laden asses," may kick off their burden—but that is not the way of these Kingdoms. It is much

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more probable that Scotsmen and Englishmen alike will prefer to tax themselves heavily in order to pay for their own investments in the War Loan. Like the people in Edward Carpenter's mythical island, they will earn a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing. But that by the bye. The bed-rock fact of the situation is that the present generation, and probably the next one too, will have to pay every year at least £150,000,000 of additional taxation. One financial writer indeed puts the sum as high as £200,000,000—that is to say we would have to raise every year a sum equal to that which France had to pay to Germany—only once—by way of indemnity at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. But to avoid all danger of exaggeration, let us take the lower figure. The additional burden would thus be from £3 to £3 5/- per head of population—from £15 to £16 for every family in the United Kingdoms. Scotland's share of that bill will not be less than £15,000,000 to £16,000,000—an incidental result of the war, which will render more imperative than ever a readjustment of the financial relations between the two Kingdoms.*

I have said that the net cost of the war up to the present has been about £8,800,000,000. As a result of this unparalleled expenditure on bombs, gunpowder, poison gases, and other weapons of "civilised warfare,"

* Readers of *The Scottish Review* will remember that in his article in the Spring number entitled, "A Business Note on Scottish Home Rule," Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., showed quite conclusively that during the financial year 1913-14 Scotland paid £1,776,518 more than her fair and just contribution for Imperial purposes. With the greatly increased burden that injustice will be much more acute.

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it is computed that some 3,000,000 people have been killed, and at least twice that number more or less seriously wounded. That is to say it has cost during the present war £2900 to kill a soldier !

Crushing although the burden of armaments may be at present, that does not constitute the most serious menace of militarism. While Scottish soldiers have been fighting bravely on the battle-fields of Flanders and Gallipoli, the liberties of the nation are being menaced by the alarmingly rapid growth of militarism and bureaucracy. The press has been muzzled by the Censor, whose blunders have not been confined to a constitutional inability to appreciate the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. The literary deficiencies might readily be forgiven him. Much more significant of the cloven hoof are the restrictions imposed in regard to the discussion of certain industrial questions. It is impossible of course to comment freely on the confidential communications with which the press of the country is honoured, but those who are familiar with the inner history of journalism in war-time will be the first to admit that it is not alone military and naval news likely to be of value to the enemy that is withheld from publication. Lord Morley's strong protest in the House of Lords was a welcome indication that even in political circles the evils of the present system are being recognised. The censor is no doubt a necessary evil in war-time, but there is no reason why the public should be compelled to view all public questions through the smoked-glass spectacles of the Press Bureau.

But the attempts on the liberties of these nations—

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the liberties of the people from whom the fighting men are drawn—do not end there. Probably even Socialists would prefer the old "Wage Slavery" of Capitalism to the State Slavery of the Munition Act. In regard to certain technical offences, the Habeas Corpus Act has been practically suspended; witness the case of Mr. Dove, the Aberdeen trawl master, who accidentally collided with a submarine in the Tyne, and who might have been lying in prison still without a trial but for the intervention of Lord Parmoor and the House of Lords. When the trial eventually took place, it was found there was not a scrap of evidence to support the charges against Mr. Dove and he was "honourably acquitted" as the lawyers say. These are but examples of how the liberties of the people are being gradually filched away while our soldiers are shedding their blood in order to "smash Prussian tyranny" abroad. The attempt of the militarists, aided and abetted by the English gramophone press, to fasten the conscriptionist shackles on the people of Scotland and England is but another manifestation of the same evil and pernicious spirit.

More and more the control of public affairs is being allowed to drift into the hands of an oligarchy in the Cabinet. Parliament, like the press, has been muzzled and shackled.

So far as Scotland is concerned there is a stern and unyielding determination to fight this war to a finish—and a successful finish—but as a result of the bungling methods of English diplomats, the price to be paid will be a heavy one. More particularly in the Balkans and at the Dardanelles, we have had to pay dearly for the supine and dilatory methods of those

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politicians. Unless the working classes of Scotland remain loyal to their own best traditions, that price will be made heavier still by the sacrifice of the cherished liberties of our nation. That is one of the perils with which the working-classes of the country are confronted to-day. To Scottish Nationalists, too, another call sounds loudly. We have seen that, from the point of view of national defence and social well-being, the reform of our land system on democratic lines has become absolutely essential. We have seen that—unless Scotland is to shoulder the financial burden of John Bull as well as her own—a readjustment of the financial relations between the two countries must be insisted on. But Scotsmen who demand self-government for themselves—who demand national independence—must also insist that in the after-war settlement, the principle of nationality shall be given effect to. If the new map of Europe is based on this principle a prolific cause of friction will be eliminated. There must be no peace settlement based on the spirit of "grab," for it is thus that the seeds of future wars are sown.

The Europe which emerges from this titanic upheaval will be a different Europe from that with which we were familiar before the dogs of war were let loose. The war has compelled us to see many things from a new point of view. Above all it has helped to awaken the slumbering conscience of Europe to the real meaning of modern militarism. The appalling holocausts of the Marne, the Yser, of Loos, and Gallipoli are the inevitable results of that pernicious system. If the war opens the eyes of Europe

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and the world to all these things, then it may well be that out of evil good will come.

Our survey of some of the world's great wars has also made it clear that war will never destroy war. Milton's words still ring true through the centuries :—"What can war but endless war still breed ?" Militarism will be crushed when the democracy of England and Scotland places its foot firmly on the neck of the war-makers and keeps it there, when the working-classes of Germany deprive their junkers and war-lords of the power which they have abused so terribly. Militarism will be crushed when the nations of Europe abandon the back-stair methods of secret diplomacy, and when foreign affairs are freed from the atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust which existing methods give rise to. Militarism will never be crushed by militarism, but by the gradual adoption by all the nations of the world of the great Christian maxim : " Lay down your arms."

WILLIAM DIACK.



The Future of Peace



Sooner has a war been set on foot than people begin to talk of peace. "Peace Rumours" is a newspaper head-line with which we are all familiar ; and though the wish may be father to the thought, yet it is plain that since the war must some day come to an end, "peace-talk," however apparently unseasonable, cannot be dismissed as "destitute of all foundation." Sooner or later the rumours will solidify ; definite proposals will be made, and, finally, amity and concord will once more reign supreme among the now divided and exasperated nations—or, failing that, the state of latent hostility and suspicion which usually characterises international relations will be re-established.

For Peace-finders and weather-prophets, we are surely indebted to kindred employments. The climate of these isles renders weather-foretelling a more than commonly precarious form of prophecy. Still, the man who prophesies a fine day, and in spite of repeated failures perseveres in his optimism, should surely hit the mark some time or other. Similarly with the Peace-finder. Even the Hundred Years' war came to an end ; and thus were the Peace-finders of those times, and their successors in office, finally justified of their foresight. Let no man say, therefore, that the present war is not destined to come to an end, or make undue light

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of those that seek to put a period to it in the press, or in private conversation. Sooner or later will the dove return to the ark, bearing in its beak the verdant emblem of that total subsidence of the waters to which the universe is so eagerly looking forward ; and then will the sceptics look chap-fallen, and the railers and scoffers, face to face with this new vindication of the prophet's profession, wish they had never spoken.

There is another thing about " Peace Rumours " which doubtless has drawn the attention of many an observer besides myself. Peace, like war, would appear to enjoy its definite seasons, or rather crises. A war may be compared to a vast and devastating fire, which alternately rages and languishes according as fresh fuel is added thereto, or that which it has already seized on is consumed. A similar tendency to prevaricate, as it were, with fortune characterises the psychological conduct of Peace in time of war. Once or twice during the progress of the present conflict the cult of peace has seemed to engage more persons than the prosecution of the opposite was able to do. These appearances, however, were but fallacious. The rumours died down almost as rapidly as they had sprung into being. It was only a solitary dove, after all, that had passed over the face of the troubled waters ; and, as everyone knows, a dove without foot-hold is quite a negligible quantity in the economy of nature. Nevertheless, what I am tempted to describe as the paroxysmal genius of peace and war is well worth remarking on. To arrive at a better knowledge of the psychology of those two institutions we must take due account of the temper-

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mental variations to which both are undoubtedly subjected from time to time.

Herodotus says somewhere that no man is so foolish as to prefer war to peace. The Greek was thus a better philosopher than Hobbes, who thought—absurdly enough—that war is man's natural state, and based all his speculations on the foundations of that supposed truth. To my mind, and I imagine to many others, Hobbes was a dangerous reactionary, and his writings are so much ponderous villainy. War, in the abstract, is hateful even to a modern maker of munitions. You will observe that the militarists of all nations have not a good word to say for it, save in those portions of their works which are devoted to discounting the effect wrought by those pious assertions in behalf of peace with which they consider it as necessary to embellish their literary undertakings.

But the question is, should a thing which is admittedly evil be abolished? War *could* be abolished to-morrow, because the pre-disposing state of mind (which is essential to abrogation) is already in well-nigh universal existence; and, doubtless, if men were true to their professions, abolished to-morrow it certainly would be. But it is one thing to recognise an evil, and quite another to remove it. Some evils are of so contrary and cantankerous a disposition that, when removed, they spitefully give place to ills in nowise less injurious than the original causes of offence. Conceivably, too, may it not be discovered that many a new ill is worse than the old sore? Besides, how do we know that that which we regard as an ill—as an “unmitigated” ill—is sufficiently injurious to society to justify its abolition?

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It may be the excess—not the mean—which is the real cause of our discomfort, and the spring of our rage. The just equipoise of the divers constituent parts of human society can only be secured, possibly, by the preservation of a nice balance between good and evil; and if this be so, it follows that a certain amount of evil is necessary to the common weal. The virtuous man derives no small part of the lustre of his character from the iniquity of those who surround him; and reflect, suppose all evil were to-morrow abolished, what would become of that vast and elaborate machinery which exists for the sole purpose of defeating the machinations of the powers of darkness? If a man is a hero, is he not a hero by reason of the cowardice of others? If I do a singular good action, it is because of the multitude of bad ones—the common rule, alas! of human imperfection—that beggars and newspaper editors rise up and call me blessed. In fine, can there be good without its corresponding and balancing evil? Is not the spur to virtue the dread of wrong-doing? At all events, I hold that we should look very narrowly into all evils before we set about to procure their abolition.

Now these reflections have been generated in me largely in consequence of a leaflet about Peace which I have recently received. It is true that I have always entertained a kind of sneaking admiration for Zoroaster; but the receipt of this leaflet has caused that admiration to draw to a head. "After this war is over (I read, in heavy type) why not abolish all war at the Third Hague Conference?"* Why not, indeed,

* This interesting leaflet is published by Mr. Herbert F. Stead, a kinsman doubtless of that eminent publicist, the late Mr. William T. Stead.

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if it can be done? Lord Bryce, who has been written to on the subject, is evidently among the number of those supremely sagacious men who think that it is easier to abolish war on paper than it is to expunge it in reality. He writes:—"To end all war is a tremendous undertaking. But you are right to keep the flag flying, the flag of hope for the attainment, at last, of a really permanent peace." If I admire one quality more than another it is caution in face of great temptation to run out into extremes. Lord Bryce is evidently a cautious man, and so I beg to offer him the humble tribute of my respect. He, at all events, foresees the difficulties in the way of Mr. Stead's modest programme; and like the candid man he is, he does not shrink from glancing at them. Still, he, like many another, desires a "really permanent peace"; and that pious wish of his brings me to the crux of the whole matter. Let us clothe ourselves with the ample folds of the "flag of hope," and so suitably attired, proceed to moralise.

In the first place, what is "a permanent peace"? Has there ever been one, and is such thing at all likely to exist in the future? The history of the world up to the present moment may not unfairly be said to consist of the story of successive wars, diversified by a corresponding number of more or less peaceful interludes. We cannot justly say that war is a permanent condition of human society; neither can we allege with any reason that peace is in the slightest degree a more permanent possession. Besides, is it not plain that one man's peace may be another man's disturbance? To make a permanent peace you must have

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universal consent. Have you got that? Are you likely to get it—no matter in what direction the scales may incline? If, in the present war, the Central Powers win, who shall put a period to the resentments of the defeated parties? If, on the other hand, the countries leagued against the Central Powers gain the day, imagine the state of mind of the average member of the Germanic Confederation after he shall have been obliged to an humiliating peace!

It has been well said before now that every war provides for its successor before it ceases to exist, and that every peace carries the seeds of dissolution in its own bowels. Whence cometh, then, "peace permanent"? The East and the South and the North hold forth no promise of that kind of preferment; and as for the West, the still small voice of Lord Bryce carries neither weight nor conviction. The kind of "permanent peace" desired by him is more easily imagined than it can be described. The exigencies of his official position leave him no option in the matter; but it is to be observed that in seeking to avoid one extravagance he has precipitated himself into another of the like magnitude; for is it not just as absurd to think to secure a "permanent peace," as it is to dream of abolishing war altogether?

But let us leave Lord Bryce to reconcile facts with opportunism as best he may, and pass to the consideration of more important matters. Every peace-maker that I have so far encountered, or whose written opinions I have enjoyed the privilege of perusing, would appear to be obsessed by the idea that the coming of compulsory peace is the beginning of

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the Millenium. So intent are they on pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of universal concord that they have no sort of heed to the bogs and quagmires into which their blind chase of the arch-chimera must inevitably plunge them. But, in discovering to them their folly, let us not do these amiable enthusiasts the injustice of refusing to recognise the worth and purity of the motives by which they are actuated. Doubtless, those that seek peace, and would ensue it on a compulsory basis, are respectable innovators. The idea of peace and concord appeals mightily to their humanity and, being reformers, the great springs of that order of men, namely compulsion for those who disapprove their particular nostrums, and preferment and countenance for those who subscribe to them, hurry them on the commission of those pious extravagances in which the highest virtue is sometimes thought to consist. Let us allow, then, that the hearts of our fanatics are properly constituted ; are they, however, moved by an intelligence to which as little exception can be taken ?

Suppose compulsory peace were to-morrow to drop on the world as suddenly and irresistibly as the knife of the guillotine descends on the neck of the condemned. What then ? Would the world be in any better case ? Such a peace—the peace compulsory—would be, it is plain, not a gift from heaven (and therefore perfect), but a shift or device of men. And what men ? The representatives of the Great Powers. Those nations, that is to say, which, by reason of their superior strength, can impose their will on the rest of the universe—these surely would usurp the guiding of



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affairs, and engineer that compulsory and permanent peace. A peace purchased by force of arms—by means of the defeat or "attrition" of one or other of the belligerents—is a make-shift, and a travesty of justice at best; but pity a universe which is obliged to a permanent peace that represents the irreducible minimum to which the proud and the mighty on earth can be persuaded to consign their greed and lust of dominion. Would not such a settlement be infinitely worse than the evils it was designed to remove? Would it not be tantamount to clapping a bandage on an old running sore or wound, and leaving the patient to perish of a consuming fever? Doubtless, it would matter little to some though the man should rot, provided the bandage remained in its place. There are certain things under the sun of which the philosophy of the peace-makers has no knowledge, or takes no cognisance. A proper understanding of history would appear to be one of these. Respect and tenderness for the opinions of nations and peoples that are rightly struggling to be free, is another. A third is, that it is dangerous, as well as foolish, to try to govern human nature from Exeter Hall.

It is natural that each peace-finder should have a warm side to that nation to which he belongs. I observe that the English peace-makers are, one and all, very great patriots, which doubtless is as it should be. Mr. Herbert F. Stead (who is a war-abolitionist) is very angry with the Germans, but his zeal for peace is not to be doubted for a moment. What *sort* of "permanent peace" Mr. Stead desires I have no means of knowing, his writings (at least those of

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them that I have seen) not being at all communicative on that point. The probability is, however, that he is a patriotic Englishman, and so desires the kind of "permanent peace" of which his correspondent, Lord Bryce, is wishful. This is natural. There is no reason at all why Mr. Stead should desire a peace different to that which so many other peace-makers belonging to his own nationality are desirous to see brought about. But *my* difficulty—who am not a countryman of Mr. Stead—is, would other patriotic nationals be in the least degree likely to endorse Mr. Stead's idea of a "permanent (and compulsory) peace"? I fear not—however just, desirable, and beautiful a thing the *pax Britannica* may appear to be in the admiring eyes of Mr. Stead and Lord Bryce. I fear that there is far more of that wicked old Adam in some of us than the English saints of the Hague Convention are aware of, or are willing to admit. Might not a patriotic Egyptian reasonably object to a compulsory peace which leaves his country in the hands of its present possessors? I can conceive that many a Finn would be discontented with a settlement which should have the effect of cutting off his hopes of freeing his country from the Muscovite yoke. The poor Poles are at present in so ambiguous a position that it is hard to say exactly how they stand; but I take it that nothing short of complete independence will ever satisfy them. Does Mr. Stead's peace programme provide for this contingency; and if so, how does he propose to bring about the freedom of these deserving, interesting, and much-wronged nationals? Then there is the case of India. Sir Rabindranath Tagore

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is hardly the sort of man to wish to put an arbitrary and artificial stop to the evolution of Indian national ideals, by means of a permanent and compulsory peace. No doubt Mr. Stead and Lord Bryce are more capable captains than Joshua, but you can hardly expect the sun of the fortunes of India to stand still, just to oblige the exigencies of English rule in that vast and teeming country. There are Irishmen and Welshmen, too, whose account could scarcely consist in the realisation of the sort of enduring settlement which the English peace-makers are desirous to foist on the world. For my own part, I belong to a group of Scotsmen whose members daily curse the two Unions and all their works. To the average Anglo-Saxon such an aspiration may seem silly, perverse, and unnatural, but we, in common with numbers of Irishmen and Welshmen, desire to re-establish the Celtic civilisation in those countries wherein the Celt is still numerically, if not influentially, the principal element. Troubled waters best suit our peculiar mode of fishing; at all events, we see nothing particularly attractive in Mr. Stead's conception of the *pax Britannica* made permanent and absolute.

In fine, in spite of Mr. Asquith's noble lead and epoch-making speeches, I much fear that, in the hurly-burly wrought by the war, the fine ideals which he proposed to his countrymen when the present conflict broke out are in imminent danger of being lost to the militant champions of English civilisation. I see unmistakable signs of that regrettable decay, even in pronouncements of the English peace-makers. The sentiments of the English war-party, and those of the

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financial "ring" that hovers in its wake, have probably undergone no chastenings whatever, in consequence of Mr. Asquith's emphatic declarations. The stress of war and repeated failures in the field have probably caused them to wax cruder and more domineering than they originally were. "It must never be forgotten (says a recent number of the *Investor's Review*) that one of the essentials to a real peace, and a peace that shall last, and give mankind time to recuperate, is the *disarmament of these smaller Powers*. Their freedom shall be absolute in all that concerns their own affairs, but it must not be permissible for States like Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, or even Servia, to entertain large armies with a view to future conflict with each other, or to united aggression against an outside neighbour." An English Shylock, trembling for his investments, has come to judgment! Oh, cunning scribe, how I do marvel at thy impudence! Stripped of their weapons—their sole means of preserving their independence against the encroachments of greedy and unscrupulous neighbours—are these poor "smaller Powers" to be! Bound hand and foot and flung at the feet of remorseless enemies, there, possibly, to be butchered all defenceless as they lie—just to benefit some foreign investor's banking account! Alas! how dismal is the counsel of designing men! How contemptible the shifts to which they are reduced, in order to invest a bad cause with that amount of plausibility which the hypocrisy of the purse-proud and the power-fed expects of their chosen apologists, pimps, and champions in the modern press. Already has the present war exercised a deteriorating and dissipating influence in

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respect of those noble ideas, based on a love of liberty and independence, which used to characterise the better part of the English public. "The old cry (we are now told) of 'liberty of the subject' in relation to State interference with such grave matters as are now before us stands to-day, by consent of all rational and calm-thinking men, as mere nonsense."* So, as far as England is concerned, it is as "mere nonsense" that the precious things which rendered England great and respectable in the days that have gone are to go down to the grave. We, of this country, may well lament the passing of these beautiful ideas; though utterly powerless to stay their downward career. But mark the spirit that rises in their room, and say how much it differs from that gospel of blood and iron which, if we may believe her own professions, England has gone forth to destroy. There, indeed, is the danger that besets England, and incidentally (since they are dependent on her) Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and must beset any and every country that sheds its ideals as England is now doing, and that, instead of cleaving to them the more they are sought to be ravished away from it, is itself led away into captivity and bondage by the strength of that sorcery which it is pledged to destroy.

No man is to be accounted fortunate until he is dead, and a strict examination of his life shall prove it to have been well spent. That was long ago told to Cræsus, who foolishly esteemed himself fortunate because his circumstances were originally so prosperous. Similarly no war is to be considered as

* *Views on some Social Subjects*, by Sir Dyer Duckworth.

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justified of the blood spilt in the conduct of it until the account of humanity in it has been rendered, by the peace that follows it, a matter independent of all doubt. But whoever is destined to be the victor in the present struggle, I venture to prophesy that the cause of peace will be benefited. War itself will not be abolished, for long is the way and toilsome is the road that Man must travel before he shall arrive at that land of promise where he would gladly be. The abolitionists and compulsionists have not interpreted the auguries correctly, if they imagine that the end of the war will witness the advent of the Millenium. It is not even desirable, assuming that it were practicable, that, at the stage of human development to which we are come, peace—the sort of flawed settlement which would represent the best efforts of which the existing very imperfect international moral machinery is capable—should be compulsorily imposed on the universe, and, by the same arbitrary means, rendered enduring and irrevocable. But a healthy scepticism as regards the practicability of the immediate abolition of war should not cause us to be so downhearted as to despair of the future of peace. The old imperialism, lately languishing, now is dead. The war has killed it ; and the new and modified form that is now rapidly rising into the ascendant, though by no means a perfect system, nor one fit to be regarded as the final expression of man's potentialities, yet is a notable improvement on the methods of Rome. "The whole of European history (wrote Freeman) is embodied in the formula which coupled together the rule of Christ and Cæsar, and that joint rule still goes

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on." These words suggest the attitude of the great historians of a past generation ; but they will convey no appeal to the living friends of nationality. Away with Cæsar : we will have no King but Christ ! To the federal idea (or rule by, and through, the associated national group) belongs the future of Christendom. Assuredly, that is the stage on which political society has now definitely entered, and in which it will continue to travel until that point which marks the beginning of yet another stage is reached ; and so travelling, stage by stage, along the straight and narrow road of human destiny, may we not indulge the hope that finally there will burst upon the ravished gaze of remote posterity an enchanting prospect of that happy world where war is not, where imperialism, in any shape or form, is unknown, and fraternity, concord and harmony reign supreme ?

A SCOTS NATIONALIST.



The Doctrine of Rest in Irish Mythology



s Walter Pater says in his delightfully subjective work, *Plato and Platonism*, a book which represents the lectures which astonished and confounded some contemporary aspirants for the 'Classical Greats,'—"With the world of intellectual production, as with that of organic generation, nature makes no sudden starts. *Natura nihil facit per saltum*; and in the history of philosophy there are no absolute beginnings."

It is legitimate in a general way to compare Ireland and Greece in their days of culture without fear of starting an argument. And where points of resemblance are silently admitted, one may suspect that there might, perhaps, linger beneath the surface of such things as pass for truisms, a measure of real fact worthy of our consideration. The pursuit of philosophical beginnings seems legitimate enough; their pursuit carried into a region generally supposed to be atmospherically uncongenial may cause surprise. But surely the philosophically inclined will be the last to deny the utility of investigation beyond the region of coherent philosophical expression.

In the opinion of many authorities the Druids were philosophers, or in some instances, perhaps,

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sophists.* That ground being allowed, I am at liberty to consider their relation to the Doctrine of Rest.

"Over against the world of flux," says Pater, "where nothing is, but all things seem, it is the vocation of Plato to set up a standard of unchanging reality." The philosophy of motion identified itself with "a vicious tendency in things and thought"; and Plato seemed to conceive that the ultimate boundary of change was evil. Of course, in our every-day experience, even a superficial appreciation of the life about us would cause any thoughtful man to consider whether good might be associated with all that re-

* *A Critical History of Celtic Religion and Learning*. J. Toland, p. 100. "All the arts, sciences, learning, philosophy, and divinity that was taught in the land was taught by them; and they taught by memory, and never would that their knowledge should be put in writing." Caesar, I have discovered, is Mr. Toland's authority for this statement; and Valerius Maximus (VI. 6, 10) says: "I would be fain to call these breeches wearing folk fools, if their doctrine were not the same as the mantle-clad Pythagoras."

Professor MacNeill says (*Celtic Religion*, p. 20)—"Druid is derived by the great philologist Thurneysen from the roots *dru*, a prefix meaning 'thorough,' or something to that effect, and *vid*, meaning 'know.' A Druid, then, etymologically, was a man of thorough knowledge, a philosopher, *qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*; and that is indeed the character which unites the various functions which antiquity and tradition ascribe to this singular order. An order it was, not a caste. And its end was knowledge, its beginning was instruction. The candidate, we know from Caesar, had to go to a Druidical School, and there to pass sometimes twenty years under instruction before he became a Druid. The Gaulish and Irish Druids have often been spoken of as a caste or order of priests. If by priests we are to understand persons set apart specially and professionally to perform ritual acts of worship, and especially acts of sacrifice, . . . it appears fairly certain that the Druids were not priests. . . No Celtic word has yet been interpreted 'priest.'"

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presented the sum total of the "rush and scurry" of existence. There seems to prevail a general belief that old times are always best; that when things moved more slowly, and men could not fly or be mechanically propelled through busy space, there was at least the physical possibility of a more contemplative and, one might say, spiritually safer existence. But to the simplest mind it must be obvious that a mere acceleration in speed of travel has little or no effect upon motion, which, in Plato's mind, had somewhat of a vicious quality about it. Between mere restfulness and riot of living there is surely a wide difference. There certainly is a difference, whether it be long or short, wide or narrow. And when we proceed to the condition of the soul, the same rule might seem to apply. Deep thinking and holiness suggest the repose of a hermitage or precious moments spent in the quiet room of a scholar; whereas an empty brain and malice of heart suggest hands unprofitably employed, or the body given up to evil activities. This is a consideration which will suggest itself to everyone. There is everywhere and in all ages among thinkers, the thought, vaguely or deliberately uttered—"Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one . . ." Christianity has added the words:—"to come, eternal in the heavens."

Certainly those who do the thinking among any people should, of their own desire, be on the side of Plato, rather than with Heracleitus. And can we believe that so sensitive and acute-minded a people as the Celts could leave us without some record of their attempt to solve this most absorbing problem.

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"The Druids," says Diogenes Laertius, "delivered their philosophy enigmatically." They were the class who imparted the myths of the Other-world. Life in the body after death was "taught as a doctrine of the Druids," says MacCulloch, and this "made it the admiration of classical onlookers."*

That the Druids contemplated the problem of perpetual flux, which in another land confronted Heracleitus, and that they solved it after the manner of Plato, I am satisfied. We have an attempt at its solution, I am convinced, in the myth of the Three Invasions. The Tuatha De Danaan stand out *between* active evil which is obvious—the Fomorians, active ignorance which is obvious—the Firbolgs, on the one side; and activity which is harmless and obvious—the Milesians on the other. They represent in the Celtic mind the permanent and unchanging reality, invisible to the eye, behind the passing show of life. They, their bodies, minds, habitations, and all they possess, neither wither nor grow old. To them, so as to become even as themselves, no Fomorian or Firbolg may adventure; but some among the Milesians, who represent goodness and obvious knowledge, may mate and dwell with them.†

I am conscious that this is a great claim. It links the early Irish with Parmenides, with Plato and the Stoics. We shall see how it may be sustained. But as a first consideration, it is worthy of note that

* *Religion of the Ancient Celts*, p. 333.

† "But those who are capable of reaching to the independent contemplation of abstract beauty will be rare exceptions, will they not?"—*Republic* 476.

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even the form of the Irish myth,* by placing the Tuatha De Danaan between two obvious forces, which one might call active evil grouped with active ignorance on the one side, and obvious activity and knowledge on the other, shows a certain relation of thought between the Irish and Plato, indeed between them and Zeno also. For Plato in his description of Zeno says he was a thinker "whose dialectic art causes one and the same thing to appear both like and unlike, one and many, at rest and in motion."

And in the *Republic* we have described for us the '*via media*' in which the truth may be discovered by him whose aim is, like Plato's, the observation of things *sub specie eternitatis*.

"We are clearly agreed," says Socrates, "that opinion is a thing distinct from science. . . Science has for its province to know the nature of the existent,

* It is possible to talk of "the great *myths* of the Georgias, Republic, Phaedo, Phaedrus, and the half mythical cosmogony of the Timaeus," as Professor Taylor says. (Plato, p. 90).

The Celtic myth was used to express theories which could be grasped. It was closely related to hard thinking; that being so, it was after Plato's own heart. For the notion which has prevailed "since the days of Neo-Platonism," as Prof. Taylor says, "that the myth is the appropriate form in which to symbolise truths too sublime for rational comprehension, is entirely foreign to Plato." (Plato, p. 95). The Celt, by making use of myths to express his philosophical doctrine, brought upon himself the charge of possessing no philosophy. But one man who drew forth the meaning from beneath a myth was to him more desirable than a multitude directly taught, and violently appreciative. Plato, however, resorted to dialogue, and in many cases used the myth as a mere introduction; whereas the Celt expressed his philosophical doctrine in a myth, and was willing that it should thus remain buried from sight.

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and the province of opinion is to opine. . . . Well, then, does opinion exercise itself upon the non-existent, or is it impossible to apprehend even in opinion that which does not exist? Consider—does not the person opining carry his thoughts towards something? Or is it possible to have an opinion, but an opinion about nothing?

It is impossible.

Then the person who opines has an opinion about some one thing?

Yes.

Well, but the non-existent could not be called some one thing; it might, on the contrary, with the greatest truth be styled nothing.

Just so.

But to the non-existent we were constrained to assign ignorance; and to the existent, knowledge.

And rightly.

Then neither the existent nor the non-existent is the object of opinion?

No.

Therefore opinion cannot be either ignorance or knowledge.

Apparently not.

Then does it lie beyond either of these, so as to surpass either knowledge in certainty, or opinion in uncertainty?

It does neither.

Then tell me, do you look upon opinion as something more dusky than knowledge, more luminous than ignorance?

Yes, it is strongly so distinguished from either.

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And does it lie between these extremes ?

Yes.

Then opinion must be something *between* the two. . . . These positions then being laid down, I shall proceed to interrogate that worthy man who denies the existence of anything absolutely beautiful or *any form of abstract beauty, which for ever continues the same and unchangeable*, though he acknowledges a variety of beautiful objects—that lover of sights, who cannot endure to be told that beauty is one, and justice one, and so on of the rest."*

Sufficient has already been said to indicate the character of the Tuatha De Danaan. Tuan's remark† that they are the source from which all wise men in Ireland are sprung, is suggestive. "The ancient mythological literature conceives them as heroic and splendid in strength and beauty."‡ Before their arrival in Ireland there had been several arrivals. The Fomorians seem to have inhabited the country from the first. They represent the powers of evil. And in the legend of Tuan MacCarell sufficient information may be found regarding Partholan and Nemed, who, by death or disease, were with their people swept from Irish soil.

The Firbolgs, however, have never left us ! They are said to have been slaves of the Greeks (a very proper role), and to have been forced to carry earth in leather bags. These people escaped from their

* *Republic*, 478-9.

† Legend of Tuan MacCarell. See *Voyage of Bran Nutt-Meyer*, Vol. ii. *Myths and Legends*, Rolleston, p. 97 ; etc.

‡ *Myths and Legends*. Rolleston, p. 136.

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task-masters, and came to Ireland. Or perhaps they came from "Spain," as Nennius says; "Spain" is with him a convenient equivalent for the Celtic words denoting the Land of the Dead.* The Firbolgs arrived and made war upon the Fomorians, and drove them to the North Coast where they dwelt.† It is very significant, from my point of view, that the Firbolgs had an easy task in driving the powers of darkness from the land; heavy-witted, blunt, and dull of soul, evil in the spiritual sense could affect them but little. It was otherwise with the Tuatha De Danaan, to whom the Fomorians proved a menace. At all events, the Firbolgs were divided into three groups—the Fir-Bolg, the Domnan, and the Galioin, who were all known for convenience as the Firbolgs. They represent lack of intelligence; and naturally make no remarkable stir in Irish Mythology. "A certain character of servility and inferiority appears to attach to them throughout."‡ The three divisions may, in the Celtic mind, have represented the three degrees of a lack of intelligence: stupidity, imbecility, and lunacy. I do not press the point, but it is worth considering.

The Tuatha De Danaan, then, invaded Ireland, which was inhabited by the Firbolgs and the Fomorians, on the extreme north coast. If one remembers what the Tuatha De Danaan represent, their coming will seem in accord with their character. They came in a magic cloud; and it is common enough to describe a

* *Irish Mythological Cycle*, p. 195.

† How suitable a home would be the gloomy cliffs of the Causeway!

‡ *Myths and Legends*, p. 103.

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philosopher as being "up in the clouds." A Scottish reviewer once described an original philosophical work by saying :—"It is always up in the clouds." The Tuatha De Danaan came from the West ; and their leader, Lugh, a Celtic Apollo, also came after them from thence. When the cloud in which they arrived had disappeared, they were discovered by the astonished Firbolgs occupying an entrenched position. This needs no comment.

The Firbolgs then sent what seemed best to them—a strong man, a warrior named Sreng—to interview the invaders. And the Tuatha De Danaan despatched a curious, though kingly, hybrid among them, named Bres, to meet the ambassador of the Firbolgs. "They examined each other's weapons with great interest. The spears of the Tuatha De Danaan were light and sharp-pointed ; those of the Firbolgs were heavy and blunt. To contrast the power of science with brute force is here the evident intention of the legend."*

And now comes a proposition on the part of the Tuatha De Danaan, which, in my opinion, puts the intention of the myth† beyond doubt. There was no necessity for conflict between these two forces, if stupidity, as represented by the Firbolgs, would recognise its limitations. And Bres proposed on behalf of the Tuatha De Danaan that the two races should divide the land equally between them. They then exchanged weapons, and walked back to their respective peoples. In other words, as I would interpret it,

* *Myths and Legends*, p. 196.

† As a proof that we are considering myths pure and simple, see *Voyage of Bran*, Nutt-Meyer ii., 165-6. See also pages, 167-8.

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each gained some slight preliminary knowledge of the other's power.

The Firbolgs, probably after examining the slender spear, thought, as was natural, little enough of the Tuatha De Danaan, and refused the offer. In spite of himself, the philosopher, as the custodian of the doctrine of unchanging reality, must be at war, if he would live. And he suffers by the conflicts which are forced upon him; for in the battle which ensued, Nuada of the Silver Hand gained this designation because his hand was struck off in the fight, and replaced by one made of silver by a cunning artificer. He was the leader of the Tuatha De Danaan; and naturally the Firbolg king, who led his forces, one Erc, was slain. As a result of this conflict, the Firbolgs were, to use a common phrase, "put in their places." They were allowed to go to Connacht. This recalls the phrase—"To Hell or Connacht!" an abrupt command to depart from the soil of Armagh, which we find first used towards the end of the eighteenth century.

As no blemished man could be king in Ireland, Nuada of the Silver Hand was ineligible; and the Danaans chose Bres, the son of a Danaan woman, Eri, whose father's identity was a mystery. Bres proved unworthy. He was a hybrid. There was in him Fomorian blood;* and he was oppressive, and com-

* Apparently such a case was not hopeless. It must have depended on the man himself. For Lugh had some Fomorian blood, on his own admission. It is a point like this which reveals the intricate nature of the myth, which, however, like an Irish design, is produced on the principle of subtlety allied with a deliberately constructed and harmonious scheme of thought.

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mitted the unpardonable sin of niggardliness.* He proved inhospitable to a poet! And recollect what poetry means in Irish mythology! A single verse from Corpre, one of the injured poets, forced King Bres from his throne. And Nuada, now miraculously provided with a real hand, became king. Ignorance may distort, but cannot permanently destroy the truth!

Bres then consulted his mother, and she told him that his father was a Fomorian king named Elatha, who had given his ring as a pledge to her. Bres set out with the ring; and Elatha, recognising it, gave him an army of the Powers of Darkness to recover Ireland, and sent him to seek aid from the chief king of the Fomorians, one Balor of the Evil Eye. Balor possessed this surname because when he looked in anger upon anyone, his gaze slew the unhappy victim of his rage. He was a huge and horrible individual, who having grown feeble, must needs have his drooping eyelid—imagine his size, thus suggested with exquisite restraint—raised by pulleys so that the death-dealing gaze might effectively smite his foes.

Even during Bres's reign the Tuatha De had apparently suffered from the Fomorians; while under Nuada they seem greatly to have desired a champion who would release them from the tyranny of evil.

The plain intention of the myth so far makes particular comment unnecessary. But surely it is clear that we have in this story a statement, enigmatically expressed,† that the philosopher on the

* This suggests the *Sunt sane homines hospitalissimi* of Stanishurst.

†As Diodorus Siculus says of the Celts:—"They are fond of expressing themselves in enigmas, so that the hearer has to derive the most of what they would say."

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world's level exists in no security or comfort.

At best, he must have, in such a condition, a place of "escape from the evils of the world," or one strong enough to deliver him.

Lugh, whom I have already mentioned, then arrives, the "Hyperborean Apollo"; and led by him, wisdom and active evil come to grips.

Bres, son of Balor, rose up and said:—"I am astonished that the Sun rises to-day in the West, while every other day it cometh forth in the East." And the wizard men of the Fomorian answered him and said:—"Would that it were the Sun which rises in the West!"* And Bres questioned them, saying:—"If it be not the Sun, tell me, I pray you, what manner of thing it is?" And the wizard men said unto Bres:—"It is the exceeding brightness of the face of Lugh, he of the long arm!"

The coming of this "Hyperborean Apollo" to Tara of the Kings, is well described by Mr. Alfred Nutt:—

"Nuada was in sovereignty over the Tuatha De. Once a great feast was being held at Tara, and the door keeper beheld a strange company coming towards him. 'A young warrior, fair and shapely, with a king's trappings, was in the forefront of the band.' On being asked his name, he answered that he was 'Lug, son of Cian, son of Dian Cecht, and of Ethne, daughter of Balor.' He was then asked his craft, 'for no one without an art entered Tara.' 'A wright'

* The West is the Celtic Elysium, the region of perfection, to which a mortal *in life on'y* may attain; and having reached it, if he step upon the earth again, he instantly is turned to ashes or becomes older than any living man, and horrible to behold. The man who comprehends what philosophy has to offer must regard the earth as dust and his body as a covering which cannot possess permanent value.

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said he. They needed no wright. 'A smith.' They needed no smith. 'A champion,' No. 'A harper,' No. 'A hero,' No. 'A historian,' No. 'A sorcerer,' No. 'A Leech,' No. 'A cup-bearer,' No. 'A brazier,' No. Then he said:—'Ask the king if he has a single man who possesses all these arts, and if he has I will not enter Tara.' The King then ordered the chess-boards in Tara to be sent out to him, and he won all the stakes; and when that was told to Nuada, 'Let him into the garth,' said the King, 'for never before has a man like himself entered this fortress.' Lug approved himself equally skilful as a warrior and as a harpist; and when Nuada beheld his many powers, he considered if here were not a champion able to put away the bondage under which they suffered from the Fomorians; and he changed seats with Lug until thirteen days were ended."*

The Tuatha De, when perfectly represented, therefore, combined all that was good, and were superior to the highest representation of man's power, a king.

The conflict between true wisdom and active evil is well told by the same author. Observe that even warfare affected neither the numbers of the Tuatha De nor the number of their weapons. Wisdom and truth may be obscured, but they can, under proper conditions, come to light and triumph. And perfect wisdom, truth, and beauty cannot be destroyed.

"So when the battle raged, the weapons of the Tuatha De Danaan, however much they suffered, were repaired at once by Goibniu and his comrades; the slain and maimed were restored to life, or healed by Diam-cecht and his kin. In vain did some of the Fomorian warriors scarifice themselves to frustrate the magic wiles of their foe. But the Fomorians were mighty warriors, and the battle was desperate; 'harsh was the thunder throughout the battle, the shouting of warriors, the clashing of shields, the flashing and whistling of glaives, the winging of darts and javelins, the crashing of weapons.' Nuada fell by Balor. 'An evil eye had Balor; never was it opened, save only on the battle-field. . . And

* *Voyage of Bran*, ii., 175-6.

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if an army looked at that eye, though they were many thousands in number, they would not resist a few warriors.' . . . He and Lug met, and Lug slew him with the cast of a sling, which carried the eye through the head, and thrice nine of his host died beholding it. The Fomorians were routed ; and as to the slain, ' they were in no wise to be numbered, till we number the stars of heaven, the sand of the sea, the flakes of snow, dew on a lawn . . . and the son of Lir's* horses in a sea storm.' "†

"We are legion " could express the truth regarding the number and variety of evil forms, or for that matter of forms which are good ; the number of both is accentuated when compared with the permanent and unchanging realities. We are reminded of Plato, already quoted, when Socrates says :—" I shall proceed to interrogate the man . . . who acknowledges a variety of objects . . . that lover of sights who cannot endure to be told that Beauty is one, Justice one, and so on of the rest."

After the defeat of the Fomorians, the Tuatha De Danaan possessed the land for a season ; but in the end the inevitable happened, and there came arrayed against them the men of ordinary, every-day mind, the Milesians, who, as I have pointed out, may fairly be considered the representatives of ordinary activity and simple knowledge.

The myth of their arrival deserves close consideration. After landing in safety they marched upon Tara, and there they found three kings of the Tuatha De Danaan awaiting them. At this moment the Tuatha were in triumphant possession of the earth ; they had conquered ignorance and evil ; therefore their

* The Celtic Neptune.

† *Voyage of Bran*, ii. 178.

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character was manifest; their three kings are surely Beauty, Justice, and Truth. In conflict they merely represented perfection, and had one king.

Without much ceremony the Milesians ordered the Tuatha De to hand over Ireland, and consider themselves beaten. Mere physical force at close quarters yields to no argument except its own. *A fortiori* the ordinary, every-day man of the world has little respect for such trifles as "opinions" lying midway between ignorance and knowledge!

The Tuatha De Danaan asked for three days in which to consider three possible courses. These were to leave Ireland, to submit to the invaders, or to give battle—three alternatives which a Milesian mind could easily grasp. There were two additional courses of action which the Tuatha De Danaan were prepared to choose on their own account, these being to overcome the Milesians by their wisdom, or, if that failed, to possess the land, as in very truth it could be possessed, that was to possess the *substance* and give the *accident* to the Milesians. They therefore appeared to be generous, and entrusted their fate, as it seemed, to the decision of a poet among the Milesians, named Amergin. What followed is significant. Amergin pronounced "the first judgment which had been delivered in Ireland." What does this mean? Surely that judgment by a Fomorian, the representative of evil, was unthinkable; by a Firbolg, the representative of ignorance, was impossible; and that the Tuatha De Danaan represented justice perfect in itself.*

* Partholan, the first king of Ireland, passed judgment on one of his servants (*History of Ireland*, Keating i., 161 I.T.S. Ed.). This

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Amergin decreed that the Milesians must not take their foes by surprise. He and his people were therefore to withdraw to a distance of nine waves from the shore, and then to return ; and if they overcame the Tuatha De the land was to be fairly theirs by right of conquest. To this proposition of their poet the Milesians agreed, and embarked in their ships. Instantly the Tuatha De made war upon them in their own manner. They formed a magic tempest, and raised a mist which obscured the shore. They also reduced the island " in size so as to be almost invisible from the sea." Who but they could declare that space was relative ?

The Milesians were no match for the Tuatha De Danaan on their own level, as it were, so they ascended by proxy, and Aranan was sent to the mast head to see if the wind were blowing there. The experiment cost him his life ; but in falling, he shouted : " There is no storm aloft."

Then among the Milesians a poet naturally took the lead, he who had uttered the first judgment. And Amergin chanted the words of his liturgy.* The wind immediately fell, and the prows were turned shorewards. It is worth noting that the effect of the

fact helps to confine the statement that Amergin's was the first judgment, to the three existing races. Evil had always existed. But the first Irish settlers all died. Then came the Firbolgs to an empty land. Naturally ignorance, in the worldly sense, precedes knowledge ! The possibilities of speculation thus indicated are unlimited.

* This is a remarkable liturgy which to my thinking expresses two doctrines in philosophy ; but there is no space in this article to consider it.

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liturgy was ruined by Eber Donn, a Milesian Lord, who expressed himself as eager for complete slaughter of the Tuatha De Danaan. The storm proved worse than ever, and many of the ships were wrecked, Eber Donn's boat, of course, among them! Then the chastened remnant of the Milesians landed at the mouth of the Boyne; and a great battle followed, in which the three kings and three queens of the Tuatha De were slain, with many of their people. Thus, it seems to me, the Druids desired to indicate that the sovereignty and visible power of the Tuatha De Danaan had vanished; and the Milesians possessed that portion of the earth "in which the ordinary man of business believes."

But the defeat was merely an apparent one. The people of Dana did not yield an inch in reality. They merely became invisible to the eyes of the Milesians. And in the words of Mr. Rolleston: "There were two Irelands henceforward, the spiritual and the earthly. The Danaans dwell in the spiritual Ireland, which is parted out among them by their great overlord the Dagda"—whose harp, as I have pointed out elsewhere,* was the means by which the Earth-Soul expressed itself. Mr. Rolleston continues:—"Where the human eye can see but green mounds and ramparts, the relics of ruined fortresses or sepulchres, there rise the fairy palaces of the defeated divinities."† Mr. Rolleston has pointed out the difficulty‡ ex-

* *Philosophical Development among the Irish*, chap. iii.

† *Myths and Legends*, p. 136.

‡ "The myth of the struggle of the Danaans with the sons of Miled is more difficult to interpret. How does it come that the

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perienced in explaining what the Milesians represented in the myth of the Three Invasions. And it is significant that another authority confesses that there is a difficulty in explaining what the Tuatha De themselves represent, owing to their double life,* first on the earth and afterwards in the "spiritual Ireland."

The difficulty in both cases seems, in my opinion, to arise from the fact that the interpretation has not been attempted on philosophical lines.

A. NEWMAN.

Note.—Since the above article was written, Professor John MacNeill and I were discussing the subject, and going over the original classical references to the Druids. In doing so, MacNeill made the very important discovery of a passage in Diodorus, which settles the question of the non-priestly character of Druids. Diodorus says:—"They (the Druids) foretell the preferable things *through the sacrifices of the priests.*"



lords of light and beauty succumbed to a human race . . . The only answer I can see to this puzzling question is to suppose that the Milesian myth originated at a much later time than the others. —*Myths and Legends*, p. 138.

* "The main difficulty in interpreting the legend is that the Tuatha De Danaan appear in two distinct characters."—*Celtic Ireland*, S. Bryant, p. 18.

A New Way to an Old Balance

PROBABLY no political character is more incorrigibly insular and provincial than the modern true-blue imperialist. Paradox conceals many a truth ; and it is by opening seeming contradictions of this kind that we frequently discover the quarter in which fact resides.

The zealous imperialist is all too prone to overlook the fact that the world was not created for the benefit of that particular hegemony to whose rule and ascendancy he so enthusiastically subscribes. As a rule, too, he is but an indifferent student of history, and an even worse philosopher. Born into a world, whose pivot is change and decay, he would appear to be as little sensible of the genius of physical nature as he is of the analogous fluctuations of fate and fortune in respect of purely political concerns, institutions, opinions, and affairs. He seems to imagine that the particular brand of imperialism which he affects is destined to endure for all time, in spite of the many solemn warnings addressed to him by history on that head. Moreover, his narrowness in this respect is accustomed to be tintured with an uncommonly liberal admixture of arrogance and intolerance. He has little, if any, sympathy with States and peoples outside the pale of that power whose province is his own. And as for understanding of aspirations that take a different road to that which

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his own have been accustomed to frequent, or which are in conflict with these last, he has none of it, nor wishes to acquire any.

The war in which Christendom is presently engaged will have served at least one good turn, besides producing a crop of fearful ills, if, by the time it is brought to a close, it shall have shaken some of our own imperialists out of sundry of their more ridiculous and unprepossessing conceits. Probably the lunatic who used to imagine that an Englishman is a match for any three or four foreigners is already extinct. He can scarcely have supported the crushing onus of recent military experience, and have continued to draw the breath of folly. His disappearance is hardly to be regretted. One blockhead the less will do the universe no appreciable harm. Then we had the man who imagined that the English language was destined to overrun the globe. Before the war, the name of this sort of men was legion. Recent political events must have conspired considerably to cool their ardour, if indeed they have not made mince-meat of themselves and chaff of their extravagant notions.

It will be generally allowed, I think, that the kind of humour which I here glance at, and examples of which might easily be multiplied, is far more common among Englishmen than it is so among Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. No doubt, it is a foolish thing to blow one's own trumpet, but occasions there are on which an emphatic dissociation is forced on one by a principle of self-respect. The sort of headlong imperialism in which many Englishmen indulged can only justly be described as completely stultifying as regards

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those that entertained it. A low political ethic and a rotten system of education gave rise to it ; and with all the desire in the world to commiserate with our neighbours of England, and to befriend them in the melancholy circumstances in which they now find themselves placed, hardly are we called on either to endorse their extravagances or to extenuate their imbecilities.

Yet though, so far as the imperial principle is concerned, we in Scotland are accustomed to temper our zeal with discretion, too many of us have fallen upon that sort of humour which is apt to assail the vulgar and the unthinking, together with the uncritical acceptors of things as they are. It is difficult for us to imagine Scotland in any political posture different from that in which our country presently stands. We have grown so accustomed to the Union and all its works, that we are very prone to think that the whole universe would come to a standstill were it suddenly undone. How often have we not heard it said that the policy of Separation is "unthinkable" ? Almost are we inclined to suspect that man of criminal intentions who thinks that a Scotland on her own bottom would be a richer and in every way a better land than our country is under the existing political arrangements. The Union has conspired to place us, as a nation, on a certain plane, or in a particular groove, of political thought ; and, the adhesive qualities of the human mind being what they are, the obstinacy of our tendency to cleave to that groove, and even to stick to it the more the nation is hustled, calls for no particular remark, in view of its universality.

No doubt if the subject of Scottish history were

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better, and more extensively, taught in the common schools of the country than is at present the case, this strange reluctance, or inability, on our parts to realise the ordinary facts—the commonplaces—of political existence would not be as noticeable as our failure to subscribe to that standard has rendered it. As affairs stand, however, the mind of the nation has little or no chance of familiarising itself with the salient facts of our national story, through the useful and acceptable channel of a particular knowledge of Scottish history. The mind of our youth is almost as remote from the reign of James IV. as it is far removed from the "golden age" of Alexander III. Independent Scotland has so much faded from men's political visions that they can no longer think in terms of autonomy. This may be a good, or it may be a bad, result of the Union of 1707. For my own part, I think it to be an ill consequence; but, whether fair or foul, the important thing to note is, that this habit or humour of mind which presently characterises our nation is essentially sentimental, and uncommonly unbusiness-like.

Nowadays, the race is not so much to the strong (which I take to be those who cultivate muscle and subsist on brawn) as it is to the impressionable and the nimble of mind. If mere "beef" could quell the German, the Russian millions had long ago occupied Berlin. But, fortunately or unhappily, the modern laws of existence are not cast in so elementary a mould. The mind of the nation that wishes to get on in the world must nowadays be as open to impression as the oyster is to the sea. "Groove" must be avoided quite as carefully and scrupulously as the plague, government

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by lawyers in the interests of lawyers, bad drainage and housing, newspaper dictatorships, or any other noxious and abominable thing. The nation, as the individual, that wishes to compass a prosperous journey through the world must set out with eyes fully skinned. We must be alive to example and susceptible to change, in order to "come out on top," if I may be indulged that vulgar manner of expressing a very patent and pregnant truth. We must be prompt to recognise that existing institutions are not necessarily the best that can be devised, and that a torpid state of mind and habit of body in face of what is styled "the march of events" is the very best passport to failure and discomfiture of every conceivable kind. Probably, at no previous period of our history was there greater need of cool and dispassionate reflexion than there is in the Scotland of to-day, when men are all too prone to lay aside all thought touching the nature of the foundations on which our country was raised, and to embrace the conclusion that destruction awaits us, should an unsuccessful event chance to attend the test now being vigorously applied to those political institutions under which we subsist. To purge our minds of cant and our politics of the accumulations of rust which a vicious and reactionary system of political thought has caused to collect on them, should constitute a first charge upon our national endeavours. The chain that binds us to a decayed and antiquated constitutional settlement should be snapped, or cast loose. The hide-bound ideas of the political undertakers of the last century are only proper to give place to the new emergencies everywhere

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characterising the assertion of the national concept and principle ; and in that glorious renaissance it is but becoming that Scotland should take an honourable and a leading part. The language of Pride in distress has always been the same ; but let us not be bubbled by it. Pride, going before a fall, is always mighty solicitous touching those on whom it leaned, and whom it depressed, in the plentitude of its power. "Prithee, friend, leave me not—abandon me not—in this the hour of my undoing. My eye-sight fails me, and my footsteps totter. My enemies compass me round about, and the darts and slings of adverse fortune are busy against me. If in the past I have used thee ill, lay it not now to my charge. Formerly, I was less sensible of thy merit than I should have been ; but in future I will be to thee even as a guardian-angel and a favourite saint. I have good store, and of that will I freely and plentifully give thee, if thou wilt stand by me, and save me from this destruction that threatens me"—quoth Pride, going humbly before a fall.

Reason and experience alike teach us that every form of government is, at the best, but precarious. However artfully constituted, or industriously applauded, each is subject to the common law of all human institutions, and, like our bodies, carries within it the seeds of death. Every State in its turn appears to have believed that its institutions were charged with a kind of immortal essence which, in defiance of time and chance, would suffice to preserve the latter from decay ; and to this blind and overweening confidence in their fancied imperishable nature the ruin of these States may in great measure be attributed.

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The free republics of Greece, superior to all the world in arts and arms, vainly imagined that no circumstances were ever likely to arise within, or power emerge without, them sufficiently strong to destroy their independence. But while, lapped in this security, they wasted in ruinous wars with one another those energies which they should have reserved for the common defence, there was growing up on their very borders that State which in one short day dissolved for ever the simple Grecian dream. While the Roman contemplated with pride the spoils of a conquered world piled up in his Capitol, and believed his power to be as enduring as the rock on which he stood, he saw not what we are enabled to see—the hosts of the barbarians preparing to invade the territory of the empire in pursuance of that decree which inexorable fate had already launched against it. Far less did either Greek or Roman perceive the changes which time and corruption had wrought upon the constitution of their respective States, or mark the progress of that internal decay which was preparing them both for servitude, and which, in the case of the second, if not in that of the first, had destroyed his freedom long before the downfall of his power.

A certain great historian and philosopher has predicted *euthanasia* as the ultimate fate of the mixed constitution of England; but whether or not that be the particular end reserved for it, it is foolish to go about our own political concerns as though it were destined to endure for all time. "Whilst the Coliseum exists, Rome shall stand!"—a vain boast, built upon the irrational grounds of pride and gross superstition.

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As a nation, we have our full share of silly confidence in the supposed changeless and indestructible nature of the political institutions under which we live ; but, whether the storm be brewing in the east or in the west, we may be certain that, should it come upon us, we shall best prepare ourselves to accommodate ourselves to the changes that will come in its wake by reflecting that as no individual is indispensable to the welfare of society, so is no single nation—much less the political arrangements and adjustments devised by it—to be regarded as necessary to the ordered progress of human affairs. Joshua, it is true, commanded the sun to stand still, which it did ; but I have yet to learn that the world was any the worse when death removed that estimable man from the scene of his labours. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the sun itself sustained any hurt, or suffered the slightest eclipse in respect of its habitual power and glory, in consequence of its momentary compliance with the behests of the Jewish commander.

But though Democritus was able, it is said, to support himself for days together with the mere smell of hot bread, it is unlikely that any of the present age there are in whom is to be found the analogous capacity of supporting patience on a few desultory reflexions—such as I have ventilated above—however pungent their savour, or “warm” their complexion. Accordingly, I now propose to open the subject of the present writing, which I design to do in as few words as possible.

I had the pleasure of contributing to the Spring impression of this *Review* some observations touching

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the Jacobite war of 1715. My remarks on that occasion were very indulgently received by the press, which emboldens me to hope that the following particulars will be as favourably regarded by the public, more especially as I consider it as not a little appropriate that as *The Scottish Review* began the year with an issue in which there appeared some notice of those important and stirring events, whose two-hundredth anniversary is now occurring, so is it but fit and proper that it should consummate it with an impression in which the like tribute shall be paid to "the magic of the past."

In the month of September, 1723, my predecessor, who was at that time in the King's service and at Paris, wrote to James, who was then at Rome, saying that he was "about a thing" which he hoped would be the best service that ever he did for the King. The following *Memorial* was "the thing" to which Marr referred. When finished it was communicated to the French Regent, who, according to Marr, "received it very graciously." The circumstances under which the *Memorial* came to be written are best related in the Duke's own words:—

"There is the same reason (he says) for the King's making Ireland a free people and kingdom as Scotland, nor would there be any real hurt or prejudice to England by either. It would be greatly for the King's own interest and security, as well as of the Royal Family, to make them both so, and independent of England, and the counsels of Englishmen. By so doing, England would lose none of its privileges but unjustly oppressing its neighbour kingdoms, should that be reckoned one. It would be but justice in the King, though those two countries (Ireland and Scotland) had not appeared so zealous for his and his father's interest as they have done.

It would even be in the interest of these his kingdoms to support the King, by their doing of which he would not be unreason-

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able and solely in the power of the English, as his predecessors have been since they came to that crown, for which they have dearly paid. It was to the Kings of England, and not to the People or Parliament, that Ireland submitted, and they would be as much subjects of the King when out of the dependence of England as now, and have double the power to serve him. Besides, Scotland, though made entirely free, would scarce be able to keep itself so and independent, if Ireland were not so too, by which it could assist them.

Upon these considerations, I made a short scheme (for Ireland) as I had made for Scotland, which is also among my papers. Could I have done it, and sent it to the King at the time I sent that for Scotland, he would also, I have reason to believe, have entered into it.

To effectuate this as to both (Ireland and Scotland), it was necessary that the King should act in concert with some foreign power or prince, by whose assistance he might the more easily be restored. France was the power most proper for this, and I judged it was not impossible to make the late Duke of Orleans, who then governed that country of himself—Cardinal Dubois being dead—to see that the project was for his own and the French interest, as well as for that of our King. I therefore fell to work, and revised a Memorial I had before prepared upon this subject to have it laid before his Royal Highness. It was accordingly soon thereafter presented to him by Mr. Dillon,* with whom I had often talked of the affair, which he had as much at heart as I. The Duke of Orleans received it very graciously. He read before (*i.e.* in the presence of) Mr. Dillon the letter I wrote along with the Memorial, in which I told him that what I did in that was unknown to the King my master; but should his H.R. relish the project I doubted not but his Majesty might be induced to send powers for treating on it with him. This I did in case the project should by any chance come to the English knowledge before the time of its being put in execution, so that they (the English) could charge nothing of it on the King, should any of them by a mistaken notion take it in ill part. But although the King was not really privy to the Memorial itself, yet what by the instructions he had sent me for passing such laws in Scotland upon (*i.e.* after) what I had re-

* An Irish officer in the French service.

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presented to him for the interest of that country, and what he and Mr. Hay* had wrote to me in answer to my letters, in which I had spoken of the point of Ireland in general, I thought myself enough authorised to make this first step, since this project was the only way that appeared which could bring the Duke of Orleans to quit his conjunction with King George, and draw him into the King's interest; and that it was upon his Majesty's own account I did it without previously acquainting him, but was to do it as soon as it was presented.

His R.H. on reading my letter, desired Mr. Dillon to make me his compliments, to assure me he would read the Memorial with attention by himself, and recommended its being kept very secret. Mr. Dillon did not see him after for some days, and when he did it was but at his *levée* one day at Paris, where he said to Mr. Dillon, in a gay, pleased way, that he supposed he should soon see him at Versailles; but his sudden death a few days thereafter prevented Mr. Dillon's doing so. It is to be presumed by the way his R.H. received the letter and Memorial, and spoke afterwards to Mr. Dillon, and its being found on his death in his own *escritoir* and addressed with his own hand, "For M. le Duc" that it was not disagreeable to him, and that he thought it of weight. What shows his approving of it still more was his allowing of the Duke of Ormond's coming into France from Spain, and ordering the expediting of your commission† immediately after his getting the Memorial, both which had met with interruptions and had lain over for some time before.

As soon as the Memorial was presented, I thought I could no longer dispense myself with acquainting the King with the whole, which I immediately did, and sent him a copy of the Memorial itself, and of my letter to the Duke of Orleans, but his Majesty was never pleased to write to me anything upon it since his receiving the packet.

Mr. Hay was on his way to France from Italy at that time, but as soon as he returned from Rome he sent a copy of the Memorial to the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury) at Paris, who spoke of it and exclaimed against it to as many as he saw. How Mr. Hay can excuse to his country his betraying a secret so much for its interest to the man of all England the most prejudiced against

* Marr's successor in James's favour, afterwards Earl of Inverness.

† His son's commission as an officer in the French army.

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Scotland, I leave him to find out ; but I am afraid by that action alone, without mentioning many others, he has done far greater hurt to his King and country than ever it will be possible for him, or all his kindred, to do them service, were they ever so much inclined to it. I forgive him for the unworthy part he has acted towards me ; but I know not if the strictest rules of Christianity require our pardoning such enormous faults and prejudices to our King and oppressed country. One thing I will venture to say upon this scheme and Memorial, that if ever France be induced to embrace our King's interest, and endeavour his restoration, it will be upon this foot, and I shall ever be proud of having been the author and proposer of it, which I judge to be the best service I could do to my King and country, and I am ambitious of no other inscription on my gravestone, to be remembered by posterity."*

So much for the circumstances under which the *Memorial* came to be written and presented to the French Regent. The following is a translation of the letter which Marr sent to the Regent along with the *Memorial* :—

" Monseigneur,—I humbly ask pardon of your Royal Highness for importuning you again with my letters. I only take the liberty of presenting your Highness with this Memorial from the ardent desire I have of being in some measure serviceable to the French nation, formerly the faithful friend and ally of Scotland, and of seeing my lawful Prince restored, and my country reunited to France in a manner firm and advantageous to both countries.

I beseech your R.H. to give yourself the trouble of reading what I have had the honour to send you. I flatter myself you will find something new in it. It contains a project that may one day be of service to France, as well as to my King and country.

It only belongs to your R.H. to know the proper time when you would undertake an affair of this nature. I am not to ask any questions upon that head ; but I should think myself infinitely happy if I should live to see the day when this should happen, and I should have any share in the execution of this project by the commands of your R.H. 'Tis to you alone I confide this Memorial,

* Marr's *Legacy to Scotland*. Scottish History Society, 1896.

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knowing the generosity of your sentiments. Were this scheme seen by any Englishman, though naturalised in France, the business might take air, and it might make the English nation less jealous for the restoring of their lawful King than they are at present.

I believe this paper will be safe in the hands of your R.H. I know the fidelity of him who translated and transcribed it (Dillon), and the character of the bearer (Lord Southesk) is sufficiently known to your R.H. I make this step unknown to the King my master ; but if your R.H. should approve this scheme, I don't despair of prevailing on His Majesty to send the necessary powers to conclude this affair.—I have the honour of being, with the profoundest respect, Monseigneur, your R.H.'s most humble and most obedient servant (*sic sub*)—Le Duc de Mar.

The following is the text of the English translation of the *Memorial* :—

MEMORIAL, touching the interest of France with respect to Scotland, England, and Ireland.

The design of this Memorial is to examine whether it be most for the interest of France to establish King James, or to acquiesce in the settlement of King George and his Family, on the Throne of England, etc.

It is not without reason that the English pretend to hold the Balance of Europe in their hands, and to be able to incline it to what side they please, by reason of their strength by land and sea.

'Tis now a long time since the House of Austria and its allies have made a melancholy experience of this truth. They found during the first Dutch war in 1672, that it was not sufficient England should remain in a state of neutrality, as she did during the reign of King Charles 2nd, and during the first four years of the reign of his brother, King James ; for in the interval France took as many towns as they besieged, and obtained as many victories as she fought battles.

It was this that determined the Imperialists assembled at Ausburgh to do all that was possible to engage the late King James to enter into an alliance with them against France. The ambassadors of the Emperor, of Spain, and of Holland, who were then at London, at first made all their efforts to gain over that Prince by insinuations ; but finding that he was inflexible, the Hollanders

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(as it had been concerted at Ausburgh) lent troops and ships to the Prince of Orange to invade England. It was thus that the attachment of King James to France in some measure cost him his crown.

After the Prince had been dispossessed of his Dominions, what a chance did there happen in the affairs of France, by the joining of the English and Imperial forces? To what extremities was she not reduced, during the course of a long war which exhausted her blood and treasure, and mightily reduced the extent of her Dominions? Consequently, it is the interest of France always to have England for its ally; but what are the surest means of confirming this alliance? Since the accession of King George to this crown, Peace has subsisted between France and Great Britain, because that Prince had no other way of maintaining himself upon the Throne, but by the friendship and protection of so powerful a neighbour as the King of France. But can this alliance remain long on a sure footing?

The House of Austria and the Princes of Germany are the natural enemies and rivals of French grandeur. Secret inclinations and specious pretences will never be wanting to them for attacking France especially whilst she continues mistress of Alsace and Strasburg.

In case of a rupture what party would King George take? He is an elector of the Empire, and would wisely prefer his hereditary dominions, and those which he has lately acquired in Germany to the Kingdom of England, etc., where he sees himself despised and his whole family hated. 'Tis therefore natural to believe he would join against France, and would also draw England after him as long as he continued master of it.

But it would not be so if K. James should ascend the Throne. This Prince has no measures to keep with the Emperor, no alliance, no obligation attaches him to Germany, nor to any Prince that may become an enemy to France, but he will have a powerful interest to cultivate peace with his most Chris. Maj. as shall be shewn immediately.

It may be perhaps objected, that the Parl. of England may force the king against his inclinations and interest to declare against France, examples of which have often been seen.

As it will be the interest of King James to hold a lasting union with France, it will also be his interest, and that of his heirs, to be in such a situation as not to be obliged to yield to the capricious

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humours which an English Parl. may have of disturbing that union.

That Parl. has diminished the authority and prerogatives of the crown ; it has encroached upon the rights and privileges of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland ; it has abolished the Parl. of the one and lately incorporated it with itself, and kept the Parliament of the other these many years in a state of dependency. It governs all by its own proper councils, the two other nations groaning and only endeavouring to shake off the yoke. Moreover, the people of England are enemies and rivals of the French grandeur as much as the princes of Germany ; they have been bred for many ages in almost continual wars, and in an inveterate hatred against the French.

These are the causes of the evil. It appears at first sight that the proper means of remedying them is to have a standing army in England, but nothing would be more dangerous to the family of Stuart, nor more disagreeable to the genius of the English.

The only effectual and wholesome remedy is to re-establish the Kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland in their ancient liberties, and free them from their dependence on the kingdom and Parl. of England.

By this means these two nations will be equal in strength to England ; it will be their interest to support their lawful King against the inconstant humours of the English, and of course it will be his interest reciprocally to support them. Thus the Kings of England, etc., would become more powerful, more free, more masters of themselves to follow their interest and inclinations, and at the same time would be more than ever obliged to preserve an inviolable union with France. 'Tis she alone that by her strength and neighbourhood will be able to support a Catholic King upon the throne of England, and a king who will be always exposed (independent of his religion) to the cavils, cabals and troubles which time immemorial have happened in that kingdom, where like ancient Rome from the form of her government, when under pretence of maintaining the Liberty of the People, the Royal authority is often infringed.

Thus Scotland and Ireland would be naturally attached to the most Christian King as the guardian of their liberties ; and these Kingdoms would become more beneficial to France than if one of them belonged to her. A King of England with these independent Parliaments (two of which would have an essential interest to keep well with France) must be a very useful ally to the French nation

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who would be delivered from the fears they have long entertained of their ancient enemies and rivals the English. In fine, by this method all the disadvantageous treaties which France has made with England since the Revolution might be rendered void, and France would rest possessed of all the rights which she enjoyed in the reign of King James the Second.

To bring about this change, it is proposed that there be a league offensive and defensive between his most Christian Maj. and King James, and by this League it shall be stipulated :—

1. That the King of France shall do all that in him is possible towards the restoring King James to the Throne of his ancestors, by furnishing him with troops, armies, ships, and generally with all things that shall be necessary for a descent, and that King James shall be obliged to pay and maintain these troops at his own expense after they shall be landed eight days in Great Britain; and that the expense of the expedition shall be reimbursed by the King of England after his establishment.
2. That King James shall be obliged by the said treaty to settle the kingdom of Scotland and Ireland in their ancient privileges and independent of the kingdom, Parl., and Councils of England. To be governed at all times hereafter by laws made in the proper Parls. of those his kingdoms, and that this shall be actually agreed in and ratified before the French troops depart Great Britain.
3. That King James shall be obliged to furnish the King of France with 3000 Scots and 3000 Irish troops, and even double that number, if his most Christian Maj. shall desire it. That the King of France shall be obliged to maintain these troops in his own pay. That the officers shall receive their commissions from him, but shall be recommended by King James and his lawful heirs; and that the said troops shall be permitted to return to Great Britain whenever the King of England, etc., shall demand them, but in such time as shall be agreed upon with his most Christian Maj. by the articles of the said treaty.
4. In fine, that the said Treaty, and everything that has relation to it shall be ratified and confirmed, and have the force of a law immutable in the three Parls. of Scotland, England,

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and Ireland, before the French troops shall depart those kingdoms.

It would be impossible to execute the articles of this Treaty if it should be deferred till King James shall be established upon the Throne; that Prince would then be in the hands of the English, who would vigorously oppose this project, nor would he venture to consent to it; but all would be easy in the manner here proposed. The English could not in reason complain that the King had recompensed the fidelity of the Scots and Irish nations in restoring them to their ancient independency. Scotland enjoyed its liberty not long since, and England is already weary of the last Union which she made with that kingdom. Although the Irish submitted to the King of England, and will be always attached to him, yet it was not to be the slaves of the people and Parl. of England. Could the English complain of the King's doing justice to two kingdoms, of which he is as much the father as he is that of England? Might he not very well tell the English that after having solicited more than thirty years to be called home, an offer was at length made to him to be restored in a manner honourable and advantageous to France his ally, to his two kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland and to his Royal Family, nevertheless without prejudice to the real liberties and ancient laws of the people of England?

There is no foreign Prince with whom France is in alliance that could be injured by this Treaty; on the contrary all would find their advantage by it.

Spain would be pleased to see the Irish, their ancient friends and allies, become a free people, for the same reason that France would be also pleased to see her ancient friends and allies the Scots re-established in their ancient Liberty and Independence. Moreover, the disadvantageous treaties made betwixt Spain and England since the revolution might thereby be rendered void.

The Hollanders, who are rivals of the English in trade, will be charmed with this project, because it would render the traffic with Scotland the more easy and free. This appears evidently by the disgust which the Republic of Holland shewed upon the union betwixt Scotland and England.

The Czar will find his interest in this scheme, and there is room to believe he would enter into it, and that he would either send troops into Britain, according as H.R.H. should judge proper, or that he would attack the dominions of King George in Germany

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at the same time that France should be making a descent upon Great Britain.

If the Swedes would regard their own proper interest more than that of the foreign Prince* who governs them, they would relish this design ; but in the condition they are in, it may be altogether indifferent to them, as well as to the Danes.

The Emperor and Princes of Germany, rivals of France, would not indeed be contented with this project, because it would deprive them of the assistance of England, in case of a rupture with France ; but they are too far distant to hinder its execution, except in Flanders, where France might easily stop them, especially seeing the Dutch would not oppose it.

If his R.H. should judge it proper to engage in this scheme, a great fleet would not be necessary to make a descent upon England. Small barques and fishing boats will serve to transport in one night, troops, arms, and everything that shall be necessary, in so much that the English fleet will not be able to prevent the sending of these forces, though they should be acquainted with the Design.

The subjects of the three kingdoms are for the most part disaffected to the present government ; and even in England they require nothing but a commander, a body of troops and arms to assemble themselves and make a general rising.

Scotland is like one man for King James, who with a little assistance might make himself master of it in three weeks, and in three more he would be able to send an army of 15 to 20,000 men into England.

The friends of King James in Ireland have no arms, but with a very little succour, they might be able, not only to hinder the troops of the present government from passing into Britain, but would be also in a condition themselves to send troops over into Scotland and from thence to England.

To execute, therefore, the scheme in question, it would be sufficient to send 5 or 6000 over into England, with 20,000 arms ; 2000 men into Scotland, with 15,000 arms, and 4000 men into Ireland with 15,000 arms. The whole would amount to no more than 12,000 men with 50,000 arms and all the necessary ammunition, which would be a very trifle to France ; and if that should be thought too much, even less might serve, nevertheless what is here proposed would render the success certain.

* The King of Denmark.

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It would be no difficult thing to engage King James to send powers from Rome to one or two persons in trust for him here, to treat with such as his R.H. should name, not only concerning what is here proposed, but of all that may be proposed on the part of his Royal Highness or that of France. The whole might be conducted with such impenetrable secrecy and in so expeditious a manner that King James might be restored in the space of two months. In a little time after, the articles that regard the Independency of Scotland and Ireland might be ratified in the Parls. of the three kingdoms.

By all this no designs which his R.H. may have will be either disconcerted or retarded ; on the contrary they will succeed the better after the establishment of so powerful an ally, whose views must necessarily be the same with those of his R.H. What an immortal glory will it be to his R.H. to finish a work which Lewis the Great was not able to compass notwithstanding his repeated efforts ! By this his R.H. will for ever endear himself to France, Scotland, and Ireland, three nations who will find their interest and advantages in it to all ages. By this his R.H. will endear himself to the family of Stewart, and to the best and greatest part of the English nation. By this he will alone have the honour of repairing the injuries done to Majesty in the person of a king, who as well as himself, is great grandson to Henry the Great.

If his R.H. should think he has reasons not to enter into this project or to defer its execution, the friends of King James have no other expedient but to undertake it themselves with consent of their king, who will readily engage in it. Oppression is at the highest pitch, and cannot increase but by a total extirpation of them (it ?). The government threatens entirely to disarm the Scots and to load them with new taxes, as the Catholics and nonjurors have already been in England. Proscriptions abound everywhere. When pressed to extremities, what will not a desperate people undertake, resolved to die or recover their liberty ? If they sink under this weight of sufferings, or if they should alone deliver themselves, how would France regret her having missed so glorious an occasion for forming a lasting and advantageous alliance with the King of England, etc., and at the same time of being freed from all apprehensions of a people and Parl. who have been for many ages jealous of the French name and glory.

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A THOUGHT WITH REGARD TO SCOTLAND ON the Foregoing Memorial to H.R.H. the late DUKE OF ORLEANS, occasioned by the embarras appearing to the general Peace, November, 1727.*

Should there be difficulties found in the scheme in the above-mentioned Memorial with regard to the interest of King James and the king and kingdom of France by King George being so well established on the throne of Great Britain and the King of France being so far engaged by treaties for the support of the family of Hanover there, another scheme much to the same purpose may be formed, which might perhaps more easily be brought about; and in great measure answer the ends proposed by the Memorial, and for the advantage of most of the powers concerned in the present dispute about the settlement of Europe.

There is ground to believe that the late King of Sweden† in the Design he had of re-establishing King James and the family of Stewart, about which he was going when he was unfortunately killed, did not intend to restore him to all the Dominions his father, King James, was possessed of, but only to part of them.

To follow out a design of this kind, the plan might be that King James and his children should be restored to the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, with some of the Plantations in America, where a great number of the natives of these two countries are

* This paper or pamphlet is the basis of the so-called Hanover 'Plot.' Burton, the historian, has the following reference to it in his *History of Scotland* (vol. ii. p. 229): 'He (Mar) did not, however, omit such opportunities as occurred of plotting for his adopted cause when he conveniently could; and so he appears to have communicated with Sunderland, the British Minister, a plan for enlarging the Elector of Hanover's continental dominions on the condition of his consenting to a restoration—a project about which Sunderland seems to have consented to hear, from the chance so afforded him of penetrating the real designs of the enemy.' It is said on good authority that King George himself was favourably impressed with Mar's scheme. Note by the Hon. Stuart Erskine to the *Legacy* as publish by the Scottish Hist. Society.

† The design of bringing the King of Sweden into the Prince's measures is generally accredited to Lord Mar. Lockhart, in his *Memoirs*, says: 'There was . . . a surmise that the king had some hopes of gaining the King of Sweden to espouse his cause; and the first notice thereof to be depended upon was a letter from the Duke of Mar to Captain Straiton which he directed to be communicated to the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Lord Balmerino, and myself, wherein he signified that if 5 or 6000 boles of meal would be purchased by the king's friends and sent to Sweden, where there was then a great scarcity, it would be of great service to the king. But we foresaw so many difficulties in raising a sum sufficient for it, and withal so impracticable to collect and embark such a quantity of meal without being discovered and creating some suspicion in the government, that we could not think of undertaking it with any hopes of success (vol. ii. p. 7)—*Ibid.*

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established, and to leave England, with the other settlements and plantations in the East and West Indies, now belonging to that kingdom, to King George and his posterity. King James and his lawful heirs might perhaps be happier by this than his predecessors ever were by the possession of the three kingdoms. King George and his heirs could have no reason to complain, since they would thereby get the peaceable and sure possession of the valuable and rich kingdom of England; and that to be confirmed to them by a renunciation by King James and his children, as King George and his should renounce to them the other two kingdoms, etc., as above, all to be guaranteed by the Emperor, France, Spain, and Holland, and the King of Sardinia, his queen, and his son as next heirs in blood to King James and his children, which powers would all find their accounts by it.

England ought not in justice to complain of this division, since by it they would be more surely delivered from their fears of the Pretender, as they call him, than ever they can otherwise be. All their commerce, trade, and most of their plantations would be left to them in place of Ireland (which submitted to the king and not to the people of England) the Dominions of King George in Germany would depend on them.

This division would be agreeable to the people of Scotland and Ireland, who are both of one stock. A Federal Union to be established at the same time between these two kingdoms, by which the laws and separate Parliaments of both to be reserved, which would be much more advantageous to these two countries than any kind of conjunction with England.

Neither King James nor King George will ever willingly and of their own accord agree to this Division, the one thinking he has an hereditary right to the whole, and the other being in possession of all; but it would be easy for the powers above-mentioned to oblige them to it, since the people of Scotland and Ireland would gladly assist in bringing it about when they see these powers interest themselves heartily in the affair, which they might do without any danger to themselves or disturbance to the affairs of Europe, but on the contrary very much for its tranquility.

Whatever chance of acceptance at the hands of the French Regent this particular *Memorial* may have had, it is plain that the idea of a *quid quo pro* (which is

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its underlying motive) was, in the circumstances in which James was placed, an eminently sound one ; and that Prince was very ill-advised not to endorse it. But the later Stewarts were remarkably deficient in political penetration, and in addition would appear to have possessed but a very slender knowledge of human nature. James VII. threw away his chances in Ireland (where he might have established himself with no great difficulty), because his heart lusted after the flesh-pots of St. James's. He might, too, have held Scotland for his own ; but his ill-starred ambition to walk the stage as King of England caused him to forsake the substance for the shadow, and sent him away empty from these shores, unmindful of the truth of the homely saying that half a loaf is better than no bread. His son and successor was equally blind and grasping ; nor was Prince Charles Edward a whit more far-seeing and sagacious. Both these princes evidently regarded Scotland and Ireland as mere stepping-stones to St. James's. The political correspondence of the first is sufficient to establish my contention, but his attitude towards the *Memorial*, in conjunction with his dismissal of Marr, places the matter beyond all reasonable doubt. A similar obsession undid the second. The mad march to Derby was dictated by Charles's resolve to risk all to gain the English throne. He died, it is said, with the name of England (which had spurned him) on his lips, which shews how little genuine care or thought he had for Scotland and Ireland—two countries that had risked much for him—and how strong was the ruling folly of his life, even at the hour of death. If the melancholy fate of the Stewarts

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can teach us anything it is surely that greed, equally with pride, precedes a fall, and that the familiar adage of "put not your trust in princes" is a maxim that is susceptible of additional force when, to that fickleness and ingratitude which is commonly associated with such persons, there is added a gross want of political acumen, and a blind and obstinate attachment to the selfish promptings of vain ambition.

Nor was the attitude of James VII., his son, and grandson, towards France and those other foreign powers on which they depended, in varying measure in a political way, in any degree more intelligent than that which they adopted in respect of Scotland and Ireland. James VII. appears to have thought that France existed merely in order to restore him to the throne of England, which his own timidity and imbecility had caused him to lose. And this whimsical humour he most faithfully bequeathed—if he left him little else—to his son, who, in his turn, passed it on to the ill-starred Adventurer of the campaign of 1745. For blindness and fatuity of so enduring and incorrigible a nature it would indeed be difficult to discover just parallels in the extensive records of royal folly and princely ineptitude. "Most of those who served him (James VIII.) before me having met with much the same measure, I have the less cause to complain." So wrote Marr after a brief, but no doubt bitter, experience of office under the son and successor of the biggest fool in Christendom—James VII. And who shall say that, considering the political narrowness of James, his unbending attitude in respect of his royal pretensions, the apparent impossibility of bringing him to any

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compromise or accommodation touching the full extent of his claims, and his unpractical and peevish insistence on foreign aids and succours—on the whole-hearted and altruistic support of his cause—without regard either to the separate interest, or the political circumstances, of those powers that he sought to engage on his side ; who, I say, that assigns to these various considerations that weight which properly belongs to them, but will agree that Marr was justified of the censure implied in the passage which I have quoted above ? If successive ministers of State found the service, as the character, of the later Stewarts “ impossible,” after a brief experience of both, and retired in disgust, one by one, from that scene to which patriotism in conjunction with royal importunity rather, we may be sure, than their own inclinations and respect for the character of these princes and their parts, had called them, that pregnant circumstance is to be ascribed as much to the feeble measures pursued by the Stewarts as it is to be attributed to sorrow and pessimism engendered by a lively sense of their unworthy personal conduct on too many occasions. In fine, if ever a good and promising cause laid violent hands on itself, as it were, that cause was that of the Stewarts, after they went to reside abroad ; and the instruments of that “ happy despatch ” were the very princes in whose persons and claims its essence was deposited, and who should have been the last one would be inclined to think, either themselves to contribute to their own undoing, or to discourage those whose only desire it was to serve them in some practicable fashion.

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When Marr's *Memorial* to the French Regent was first published to the world, it excited little comment, save among those whose province or whose humour it is to explore the unfrequented bye-paths of Scottish history. Doubtless, it was regarded as speaking in those unreal and distant accents in which the "voice from the past" is wont to convey its message to living men. What interest such a document might possess for modern Scotland was purely academic. *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*, was, doubtless, the apposite, if hackneyed, reflexion that occurred to many who read the *Memorial* when first it appeared in type. But though it is true to say that history never repeats itself, yet are we entitled to affirm that between the successive great crises in which the world has been involved since the beginning of authentic history there has always existed, and, no doubt, will continue to be observable, a certain strong family resemblance, which puts the actors in each successive crisis in touch, as it were, with those that take precedence over them in a point of time, and so renders them near and real to those witnesses in a manner and in a degree which persons whose lot it has been to live in the intervening periods could not well be expected to understand. At the present moment Europe is once more in the melting-pot. The evil geniuses of the various nations have once more winged their sinister flight to the blasted heath of war, where now, hand in hand, they stand, watching with bleared and blood-shot eyes the rising of the fateful brew, and croaking, the while, the dismal refrain of their malicious lay :—

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

MARR.

Robert Burns as Poet of Scottish Nationalism



VEN in war-time the 25th of January is one of the red-letter days of the Scotsman's calendar. There may be less of haggis and whisky than at the celebrations with which we were familiar in the happier days of peace; many local festivities may even be abandoned, but the birthday of Robert Burns is nevertheless commemorated in traditional fashion "wherever Scotsmen gather." It is well that this should be so, for Burns's message is as appropriate to the stormy period of the war as to the halcyon days of peace. More than any other of our poets or novelists, he is the accepted interpreter of the national aspirations of the Scottish people. Sir Walter Scott may remain the greatest of our romantic novelists; the turgid eloquence of Thomas Carlyle may still appeal to studious readers; David Hume may be accorded general recognition as historian and philosopher—despite the fact that his mother regarded him as a "guid quaet craitur, but unco weak mindit"; the great Gaelic poets may have their vogue; Lord Byron, although he spent his early years in Aberdeen, was after all at heart an English bard; and there may still be Scotsmen who prefer the fine old songs of Fergusson and Lady Nairne to the fatuous drivel of the modern music hall. At the same time, none of

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these authors—or indeed any other author—is accorded so warm a place in the hearts of the Scottish people as the ploughman bard of Ayr. Americans like Oliver Wendell Holmes may marvel how Scotland "can clasp her darling poet so closely to her breast without breaking her stays," but Burns's own countrymen are not likely to find in that circumstance any cause for astonishment. Burns's popularity is rooted in the life, traditions, and aspirations of the Scottish people. His poetry touches life at many points—from "the love of a man for a maid," which commanded the wondering admiration even of Solomon, to the vigorous democratic sentiments of "A man's a man for a' that" and the lofty idealism of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Even his rollicking rhymes throb with the "joy of life." Above all things, however, it is as poet of Scottish nationalism and of Scottish democracy that Burns is remembered—and it is with that aspect of his life and work that we are meanwhile concerned.

Robert Burns, notwithstanding the fact that he wrote one of the finest war-songs ever penned, was essentially a poet of peace. More than once, in blunt ploughman fashion, he asserted his preference for peaceful rural scenes, and the supremacy of family life and parent-hood over the grimmer trade of the soldier. Moreover, in many respects, the days in which Burns lived strangely resembled our own. Then, as now, thrones and dynasties were trembling in the balance. Already the revolutionary wave which had spread over France was beginning to recede with startling rapidity. Then, as now, these Kingdoms

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were at war. In 1793, England declared war against our neighbours across the Channel. In the spring of the following year, Pitt sent an expeditionary force to Dunkirk—not on this occasion to fight side by side with the soldiers of the Republic, but to blow the souls out of the men from many French Dumdruges. A Scotsman's duty then—to paraphrase the words of Lord Nelson—was to love his own land well and hate every Frenchman like the devil. There were mutterings then as now of a possible invasion, although the foreign foemen were not the conscripts of the Kaiser, but the Republicans of France, who threatened to set us free with the bayonet. It may even be that the menace of French spies was as real to the timorous and imaginative people of 130 years ago as the German spy peril is to nervous and "nervy" persons of to-day. I mention these things because it is necessary to bear in mind that psychologically—from the point of view of national temperament—as well as in regard to the foreign outlook, the days in which Burns lived closely resembled our own. Only by doing so can we understand properly certain poems of Burns which seem to savour of jingoism.

Professor P. S. Rait, of the Chair of Scottish History and Literature in Glasgow University, had occasion about a year ago to make some interesting comments on "Burns and Scott as poets of war." He pointed out that although Burns was not distinctively a martial poet, he could be stirred to martial song, and he could express in immortal words both the memories of the battles of the past and the determination that wins the battles of the present.

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"Freedom and patriotism were the underlying ideas of Burns's attitude to war." Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, Professor Rait pointed out, found his theme and his inspiration in the sword. His poetical reputation was made during the continuation of the Napoleonic War; when that war ended he deserted poetry for prose. Yet his martial spirit was not entirely to be attributed to the circumstances of his time; he had found his theme before the war broke out, and his unchanged devotion to it is to be found not only in such songs as "The Blue Bonnets" and "Bonnie Dundee," written later in his life, but also in much of the occasional verse scattered through his novels. The lines:—

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife :
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,

summed up Scott's conception of war. The other side of war he deliberately put from him.

In the main Professor Rait is right. Indeed I am inclined to go a little further, and say that while Scott is our master-singer of war-like themes, Burns is at his best and greatest as a poet of peace and brotherhood, of democracy, and Scottish nationalism. As Burns himself said: "The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." And it is as poet of Scottish rural life that Burns is remembered and honoured to-day. "The Daisy" which grew on the fields which he ploughed; "The Mouse," building her frail nest on his own

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stubblefield ; " the Twa Dogs," conversing sagaciously on common incidents of country life—these were the themes which inspired his muse. Burns was " no swash-buckler in sympathy and no soldier by profession." It is true that, when still a boy, Hannibal gave his young ideas such a turn that, as he tells us himself, " I used to strut up and down after the recruiting drum and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier." In a letter to one of his friends, he says : " Early in life, and all my life, I reckoned on the recruiting drum as my forlorn hope." In the closing years of his life the poet, though broken in health and spurned by his quondam friends, joined the Dumfries Volunteers, and learned I doubt not to lunge at imaginary foes with a bayonet. Burns gloried in Freedom's battles, and recognised the necessity of each country's defending its own shores against possible invaders. That is the keynote of his war-songs—admiration of Bruce and Wallace and the heroes of Scottish story, and an enthusiastic determination that only by the people of Scotland themselves should the wrongs of the country be righted.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinker-loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Praiseworthy sentiments, to which Scotsmen will respond as heartily to-day as they did over a hundred years ago. One need not be either a jingo or a music-hall patriot, to appreciate the war-songs of Burns. The real enemies of the world's peace are not the soldiers fighting their country's battles, but the

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militarists, the bungling diplomats, and the scheming monarchs—the war-makers, in brief, who sit in high places. There is a bitter truth in the seeming paradox that the politicians make war, and the soldiers make peace. For my own part, I have considerable sympathy with the non-resistance doctrines of Tolstoy, and the magnificent traditions of the Quakers. But if the world is not prepared to take its stand on that lofty pedestal, why then the modified pacifism of Burns is the next best policy to adopt. I have always had a profound admiration for the behaviour of the Quaker in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Readers will, of course, remember the incident. Along with some of his friends, the Quaker was endeavouring to shield the runaway slaves from the human sleuth-hounds who were ruthlessly hunting them down. The little band were huddled together on the top of a precipice, and soon a fierce hand-to-hand fight was in progress. True to his creed, the Quaker took no part in the shooting, but at a critical stage of the fight, when the malevolent features of the slave-hunter peered over the cliffs, he felt that the time for action had come. With the remark, "Friend, thee is not wanted here," he compelled the luckless slaver to relax his grip of the twigs and shrubs, with the result that he fell headlong over the cliffs never more to wield the lash over the shoulders of his slaves again. Lover of peace though I am, I think there are times in the history of a great nation when it is permissible to say to an invading foe, or to a threatening invader: "Friend, thee is not wanted here." There you have the spirit of the martial songs of Robert Burns. There is nothing, even in his most

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war-like odes, of the lust of fighting—fighting for sheer love of fighting—that one finds, say, in the verses of Rudyard Kipling. There is nothing of that pestilential cant of the militarist—the glorification of war as a school of heroism, as the test of a nation's manhood—of which we find traces in the writings of Wordsworth and William Watson—of Bernhardt and Nietzsche.

Let other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife ;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plague of human life.
Shame fa' the fun wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber.

Burns's nationalist and pacifist theories, however, were closely bound up with his views on social and political matters, and before it is possible to grasp the full significance of these doctrines it is necessary to bear in mind not only the condition of Scotland in the days in which Burns lived, but also the privations and hardships of the poet's early life. Let us glance at these matters for a moment.

Burns was one of the vast army of singers who learn in suffering what they teach in song. Even from his earliest years he encountered in very real and tangible fashion the grim problem of poverty. During the days of the poet's youth, his father was tenant of a farm on the estate of Mr. Ferguson of Dunholm. For a year or two the world dealt smoothly with William Burness, and it seemed indeed as if the family were destined to prosper on their little homestead at Mount Oliphant. Reverses, however, came swiftly, and the whole family were plunged into the abyss of

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poverty which they so much dreaded. Father, mother, and two brothers (Gilbert and Robert) toiled like drudges, even denying themselves many of the real necessities of life—for the Burnesses were a proud family and would ask alms of no man. Burns has described his life in those days as "combining the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the toil of a galley slave." While Mr. Ferguson lived, the "pound of flesh" was not exacted so mercilessly, but on his death, says the poet, "to clench our misfortunes we fell into the hands of a factor who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of *The Twa Dogs*. There was a freedom from his lease in two years; we retrenched our expenses and lived very poorly. A novel-writer might view these scenes with satisfaction, but so did not I. My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent letters which used to set us all in tears."

Although Robert was at this time but sixteen years of age, both he and Gilbert had for two years been doing the work of full-grown men on the farm. At the plough, the scythe, and the flail, they worked with a zest and vigour that was far beyond their strength. Thus early in life, by over-work and privation, Burns's bodily health was shattered and the seeds were sown of that fell disease which carried him off all too early from the world. These bitter struggles of his early life, and the premature death of the father he had loved and cherished, burned themselves in letters of fire into the heart of the poet and turned his attention (almost unconsciously) to the social and political questions of the day.

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In spite of hard years of toil, Burns had found time to acquire what would even in these latter days be regarded as a fairly good education—remarkably good, certainly, for a Scottish farmer. Of French he knew a little ; of Latin he had some small knowledge ; while in Scottish and English classics he was widely read. In the history and literature of his own land he was deeply interested, and it is scarcely surprising to find that Burns was not merely a “rantin’, rovin’, rhymin’ billie,” but a sturdy pioneer of Scottish Home Rule and National independence as well. The patriotic toiler in the harvest-field who, when he saw

The rough burr thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bere,
Turned the weeder clip aside
And spared the symbol dear ;

was scarcely likely to note in silence the growing servitude of the “ancient Scottish nation.” Scottish liberty had been sacrificed by the ill-starred Union of 1707. At times he seems to share the sentiments of Fletcher of Saltoun regarding the land which had been sold and enslaved by the Whigs. On the passing of the Act of Union, it may be remembered that Fletcher determined to leave Scotland at once. His horse was saddled and bridled, his foot was in the stirrup, and old friends crowded round him remonstrating with the offended patriot. “Will *you* forsake your country ?” they cried indignantly. But, darting at them a look of scorn, the venerable patriot exclaimed, “It’s only fit for the slaves who sold it.” So, too, Burns.

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But these were only random fits of melancholy born in one to whom "his native land had been richt ill-willie." In his normal moods, Scotland was his "auld respected mither," and a free and regenerated nation, the land of his dreams. Never, however, did he forgive the Scottish Whigs for selling their birthright of national independence for a mess of English pottage. To him they were still "a pack o' traitor-loons." With characteristic vigour, he exclaims:—

Oh! would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could fail us,
My auld gray heid had lain in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace.

But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll make this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English gold,
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

Burns was under no illusions as to the effects of the Union of 1707. He scorned the views of the servile politicians who attributed the increasing prosperity of Scotland to the action of the Whig rogues. To his friend, Mrs. Dunlop, he wrote:—

"Alas! have I often said to myself, what are all the boasted advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence and even her very name. I often repeat the couplet of my favourite poet, Goldsmith:—

'States of native liberty possess't
Though very poor may yet be very blest.'

Nothing can reconcile me to the common terms—'English Ambassador,' 'English Court,' etc.; and I am out of all patience to see that equivocal character Hastings impeached by the Commons of England."

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It will thus be seen that there were patriots before the days of the Scottish Home Rule Association, who objected to the elimination of Scotland's name from the records of the nations. It may also be the case that the more democratic constitution of the Scottish Parliament was, to the progressive mind of Burns, a strong point in its favour. It is scarcely necessary to recall that the Scottish Parliament—though sometimes the tool of a self-willed King, and sometimes of a clique of nobles—was a single chamber legislature. The Lords, Barons, and Burgesses all sat together in the same chamber, so that, as Andrew Fairservice says, "they didna need to hae the same blethers twice ower again." The political results of the Union, as the poet realised, were also disastrous to Scottish liberties.* The Scottish Parliament, although not elected on a democratic franchise in the ordinary sense of the words, was nevertheless more representative than that of England. Under an Act passed in the reign of James I.—though it did not become really operative until 1585—the electors were defined as "all free-holders of the King under the degree of prelates and lords of Parliament," possessed of "forty shillings Land in free tenantry of the King" and of a dwelling and residence within the shire. The electors of each county were entitled to appoint "two wise men" to represent them in Parliament, and that the agricultural population—who then constituted the

* Even financially the Union of 1707 did not begin to "pay" Scotland till about 1760. A federal union, while preserving her parliament to Scotland, would have been in every way more beneficial to the lesser kingdom.

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vast majority of the Scottish people—were well represented may be gathered from the fact that very frequently in the autumn months several of those who had been elected to sit in the legislature were allowed to go home "because of the harvest," not because "the Twelfth" was approaching, and the members were anxious to reach the Northern moors as fast as the Grampian Express could carry them! Even before the Union, however, juggling with the franchise had begun, and after 1707 the exclusive and anti-democratic system of England was grafted on to that of Scotland. The result was that in Burns's day, the Parliamentary franchise was almost wholly confined to landlords. Not only did 2625 electors frame the laws which their countrymen had to obey, but they rigidly enforced their every whim and caprice with the iron hand of the law. Those were the days when the notorious Braxfield was earning for himself a reputation that was to stink for many a long day in the nostrils of the people of Scotland. Those were the days when Thomas Muir, Scotland's first political martyr, was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for advocating the extension of the franchise.

Thomas Muir is one of the honoured race of reformers to whom Scotland has not yet done justice. Although Burns and the young lawyer of Hunter's Hill were contemporaries, and though both lived in the South of Scotland, there is no reason to suppose that they had ever met. At the same time, the trial and conviction of the young reformer aroused an extraordinary amount of interest in Scotland, and there

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are very strong reasons for believing that it was this scandalous perversion of justice that inspired Burns's marching song of Scottish nationalism, the war ode of democracy. It was in January, 1793, that Thomas Muir* was arrested on a charge of "Seditious conspiracy" and thrown into prison. Nearly nine months afterwards—on August 30th—he was tried before the High Court at Edinburgh on a charge of having taken part in a public agitation for the extension of the franchise. The trial is still remembered as one of the most notorious in the annals of the Scottish law courts. On the bench sat Lord Braxfield, while in the packed jury were one bookseller, two hawkers, three merchants, and nine landlords. "Come awa', Maister Horner," quoth Braxfield, as one of the jurymen merchants entered the court, "Come awa' an' help us to hang ane o' thae damned scoondrils."

One of the blackest allegations against Muir was that of having had in his possession a copy of Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man* (Burns himself narrowly escaped serious trouble for a similar "offence," and had to hide his copy of the offending volume with the blacksmith of Dumfries until the inquisitorial cloud rolled by). On the part of Thomas Muir, defence or protest was unavailing, and the young Scottish reformer was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, with certification that if he returned within that period he should suffer death. News travelled slowly in

* The story of this Scottish Reformer has been made the theme of a capital novel by E. H. Strain, entitled *A Prophet's Reward*. Mr. William Stewart has also done justice to his memory in his little book *Fighters for Freedom*.

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Scotland in those days, but Burns doubtless learned of the savage sentence on his fellow-bard—for Thomas Muir, too, was poet as well as reformer—on September 1st, and the tidings could not fail to arouse in his breast burning indignation against the new race of tyrants who were ruthlessly stamping out liberty in Scotland. Nay, more, it is practically certain that on the eventful evening on which Burns heard of the fate of Thomas Muir, he wrote "Scots Wha Hae," the greatest of war odes*. It was not from brooding over ancient Scottish feuds that the great inspiration came. The song was not even inspired, as Professor Sharpe contends, by the revolutionary movement in France. The foes whom Burns assailed were those of his own Scottish household. I know that the inspiration is generally attributed to Bruce and Wallace or Robespierre and Danton. Both, I think, are mistaken theories. Examine the facts. Thomas Muir, as I have said, was sentenced on August 30th. Burns would have learned of it probably on September 1st, 1793. "Scots wha hae" was despatched to Mr. Thomson, along with a letter, in which the poet says: "There is a tradition that the air, 'Hey, tuttie, tuttie' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought on my *yesternight's* walk warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode fitted to the affair." Mr. Thomson read the song to some friends on September 4th, so that the "yester-night's walk" must have taken place

* This theory, if I mistake not, was first put forward by my old friend, Mr. D. C. Macdonald, in his introduction to Professor Ogilvie's *Birthright in Land*.

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either on September 1st or 2nd. On the same subject, Burns also says : " I showed the air to Urbani who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses to it ; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, *not quite so recent*, roused my rhyming mania." The italics are Burns's. Now those two facts can point to but one conclusion, namely that the " other struggles not quite so recent " refer to the strenuous efforts of the Scottish reformers to combat the tyranny of the landlords and law-makers of the time. No other theory fits all the facts of the case. All this lends additional force to the fervent prayer with which he concludes this marching song of Scottish nationalism :—

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud Usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do—or dee !

" So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty as He did that day ! Amen ! "—R. B.

But Scotland as a nation once again meant more to Burns than political changes—important though these were from the point of view of Scottish democracy. He was a sturdy pioneer of land reform as well, and even in these more enlightened days his views on

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social questions would be regarded as "advanced" and democratic. His questions, "Why has man the will and power to make his fellow mourn?" and "Why should a man fare better than anither and a' men brithers?" are more than emotional outbursts. Burns realised that the land system of Scotland was the great barrier to social well-being. It was the toil of the "rustic hind," he declared, which "upheld the glittering show"—upheld "proud property" and "pampered luxury." It is, however, in his two allegorical poems, "The Twa Dogs" and the "Twa Brigs" of Ayr, that Burns expresses his views on land reform with greatest freedom. To admirers of Burns it is scarcely necessary to recall the illuminating "cracks" of the two canine sociologists. Luath was a ploughman's collie; while Caesar belonged to a gentleman and scholar. Burns tells us that the factor, whose doings they discuss, was the one into whose clutches his father's family fell after the death of Mr. Ferguson of Dunholm:—

L——d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by puir folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.
I've noticed on our Laird's Court-day,
An mony a time my heart's been wae,
Puir tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stare wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.

And so the tongues of the twa dogs wag merrily

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on. "The prideful greed" of the landlords, the farce that was yearly played in Parliament, the demoralising effect of idleness among the wealthy classes—all these and many other things come under the ban of the sagacious dogs. Particularly stinging are Luath's comments on the Highland evictions, which were then arousing wide-spread indignation among the people of Scotland:—

There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven oot, baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench.

Then at last Luath and Caesar take off their several ways "rejoiced they werena men but dogs." The Highland evictions also inspired the stinging satire, "Beelzebub's Address," which was written in 1786, although, curiously enough, it was not published till nearly thirty years later. Probably the explanation is that the Scottish publishers were over-awed by the iron hand of Braxfield.

In 1786, as may be recalled, the Chief of Glengarry evicted 400 of his clansmen—the beginning in that particular district of the great Highland clearances. Quelled by superior force, the Highlanders determined to emigrate to Canada, but even that liberty the landlords would have fain denied them. They invoked the aid of the Government to prevent the evicted crofters and cottars from leaving Scottish territory. Such was the extraordinary incident that roused the righteous wrath of Burns. At the plough at Mossgeil he learned of what was happening in the Highlands,

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and his indignation found vent in a stinging, lashing satire, which he headed thus :—

“ To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and the Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd May last, 1786, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of four hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. MacDonald of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY.”

Beelzebub's mocking address must certainly have made the blood of the Highland chieftains rankle ! It is in the “ Brigs of Ayr,” however, that we find Burns's mature views on the land question. This poem might, in fact, be described as a sequel to “ The Twa Dogs.” The Auld Brig, like Luath, had little respect for the lairds of Scotland. It calls them :—

Staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment and ruin o' the country.

Nor is the new brig one whit more complimentary. A prophetic conclusion, however, is given to the tale—a conclusion which gives us a glimpse of the poet's hopes and aspirations for the future of Scotland. The Genius of the Stream appeared, and with him the heroic and social virtues typified by familiar figures. Learning came, shedding its rays on an unlettered world of workers ; Courage came, to strengthen the arm of the reformers ; Autumn with its horn of plenty ; and Winter with its kindly hospitality.

Last, white-robed peace, crowned with a hazel wreath,
To rustic agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instrument of Death.

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And so at long last the sword was beaten into plowshares and the spear into pruning hooks.

In that parable, or allegory, we have the keynote, and the kernel too, of Burns's social theories. Ignorance he regarded as the great foe of human progress, the great bulwark, too, of the landed class, whom he denounced as the "ruin of the land." He saw, too, that only by dauntless courage among the votaries of progress could his social and political ideals be realised. In some respects he deals even more pointedly with the land question in his letters than in his poems. There is for example the well-known greeting to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop, on the occasion of a notable family event. The letter is dated, Dumfries, Sept. 24th, 1792:—

"I wish the farmer great joy of his new acquisition to his family. . . . I cannot say that I give him joy of his life as a farmer. 'Tis, as a farmer paying a dear unconscionable rent, *a cursed life*. As to a laird farming his own property, sowing his corn in hope, and reaping it in spite of brittle weather in gladness; knowing that none can say unto him 'What doest thou?'; fattening his herds; shearing his flocks; rejoicing at Christmas; begetting sons and daughters until he be the grey-haired, venerated leader of a little tribe—'tis a heavenly life. But, devil take the life of reaping the fruits that another must eat."

These, and other notable passages in Burns's letters and poems, show that the fearless democrat who championed the cause of the evicted crofters against the Highland landlords was a pioneer of land reform as well as an ardent Nationalist.

His nationalism, moreover, was not of the narrow and exclusive type which denies to other lands the rights and privileges claimed for one's own. Burns,

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who would have no foreign tinker-loon interfering in the affairs of Scotland, recognised also the claims of other nations to like liberties—the right to retain in their own hands the control of their national destinies. That is an aspect of Burns's political creed which seems to have been resented by many of his friends, and to have puzzled even honest Allan Cunningham. "It is true," says the stone-mason poet, "that he hesitated to take off his hat in the theatre to the air of 'God Save the King,' that he refused to drink the health of Pitt, saying he preferred that of Washington—a far greater man,—that he wrote bitter words against that combination of princes who desired to put down freedom in France." Some, if not all of these things, Allan Cunningham, with a singular lack of understanding, attributes to the bard's "bad taste," but is it not plain that the poet's stedfast adherence to the principles of Scottish nationalism is the real explanation? Burns was not a Jacobite in the ordinary sense of the word, but in spite of what he regarded as their faults, he had a warm admiration for the ancient Stuart race. Probably he felt that the monarch who reigned in his own days had little claim to the respect of the nation. Had he been living twenty or thirty years later, he would doubtless have agreed with the discerning bard who wrote :—

" George the First was reckoned vile,
Viler, George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When from Earth the Fourth *descended*,
Heaven be praised the George's ended !

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However that may be, it is quite certain that Burns's sympathy with the American Republic, which had then but newly won its independence—sympathy frankly avowed at a time when it was rather a perilous matter to do so,—and his support of the cause of liberty and progress in France were founded on and inspired by the poet's ideals of Freedom and National independence. The liberty that he claimed for Scotland he freely accorded to the people of France and America. He was ready, too, to help the cause of Liberty in these lands by every means in his power. His purchase of four guns from a captured smuggling vessel, and his futile attempt to forward them as a gift to the French Legislative Assembly, was but one of the many ways in which he showed his sympathy with the cause of liberty and progress, both at home and abroad. Burns at that time was a "gauger" at Dumfries, and ever after he was a "marked man" in the eyes of the Government authorities. Indeed, there is reason to believe that but for the intervention of his friend, Mr. Graham of Fintray, his employment, paltry though it was, would have been lost to him for ever.

By this time, Burns had already tasted the fruits of success, had risen to fame, had been cast aside by his fair-weather friends in Edinburgh, and had experienced the bitterness of another grinding struggle with poverty.

I have already referred to the poet's connection with the Dumfries Volunteers. I am not sure, however, that he was particularly proud of some of the fighting men with whom he was associated. We know that the tailor who made his regimentals threatened the

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dying poet with "the horrors of a gaol" unless the bill for the gaudy garments were promptly paid. Only a few days before his death he was driven to borrow a paltry ten pounds to save his shrunken emaciated body from prison, for wealthy Scotsmen, who thirty years later, would offer £300 for the poet's punch bowl, would scarcely save his dying form from this last degradation. Allan Cunningham tells us, too, that as Burns lay on his death-bed he turned to Gibson, one of his fellow-soldiers, who stood at his bedside with wet eyes—"John" said he, and a gleam of humour passed over his face, "Pray don't let the awkward squad fire over me?" On account of his association with the Dumfries Volunteers, however, the poet was accorded a semi-military funeral. Says Allan Cunningham—"It was a calm and beautiful day, and as the body was borne along the street towards the old kirkyard by his brethren of the Volunteers, not a sound was heard but the measured step and the solemn music; there was no impatient crushing, no fierce elbowing. The crowd which filled the street seemed conscious of what they were losing. On reaching the northern nook of the kirkyard, where the grave was made, the mourners halted; the coffin was divested of the mort-cloth and silently lowered to its last resting-place, and, as the first shovelful of earth fell on the lid, the Volunteers, too agitated to be silent, justified the fears of the poet by three ragged volleys."

Allan Cunningham thus concludes his account of the funeral: "He who writes this very brief and imperfect account was present; he thought then, as he thinks now, that all the military array of foot and

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horse did not harmonise with either the genius or the fortunes of the poet, and that the tears which he saw on many cheeks around, as the earth was replaced, were worth all the splendour of a show which mocked with unintended mockery the burial of poor and neglected Burns." Those who are most familiar with the writings of Burns, and the story of his checkered life, will be the first to express agreement with the words of Allan Cunningham. It is necessary to emphasise this aspect of the poet's life and work, in view of the efforts of certain of his admirers to claim him as a champion of militarism.

It is not alone as a great lyric poet that Burns is loved by Scotsmen. In him is seen a thoughtful and earnest reformer—a pioneer of Scottish nationalism. To reformers throughout the world he has brought new ideals of freedom, love, and brotherhood, and the message which accompanies them—a message which even the thunder of the cannon cannot silence—are his own warm, loving, and prophetic words :—

For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Yes, "it's comin' yet for a' that, an' a' that." Jingoism, Militarism, and Imperialism will pass away; but the message of the Divine Apostle of Peace and Fraternity will *not* pass away.

LUATH.

On a Preface



AMDEN may justly be regarded as the father of County history, so far as English literature is concerned. Abraham Ortelius, "the worthy restorer of ancient geography," is said to have inspired that author with the idea of his well-known *Britannia*, a work which, whatever its limitations and defects, constitutes a noble introduction to a province of letters in which many accomplished pens have well and truly laboured since Camden's day. The names of Whitaker, Surtees, Hoare, and Ormerod—to mention a few of those who more particularly distinguished themselves as County historians—are still held in grateful memory in the southern Kingdom, whilst the fine "Victoria" series of the histories of the various English Shires abundantly proves that the moderns are no less capable, and not a whit less devoted to this useful branch of literature, than were the scribes of former days.

But if England is fully alive to the importance of County history, it would appear that, according to Sir James Ramsay, we in this country, are not distinguished by a similar honourable zeal. "Scotland (he writes in his Preface to *Bamff Charters*, A.D. 1232-1703) is not too rich in public documents, and is still poorer in private documents given to the public. To many the glimpses of social life afforded by my charters will be thought revelations." Surely no

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country can justly be considered as "too rich" in "public documents" that assist us to discover the style and manner of existence which obtained in times remote from our own; but, apart from this trifling objection to Sir James's criticisms, is it not true to say that, on the whole, we are by no means ill supplied with documentary evidence touching the early civil and religious complexion of Scotland? It is true that heretofore comparatively little attention has been devoted to the Constitutional history of our country. The story of its relations with foreign countries has yet to be told. No tolerable account of early Scottish trade has yet been penned; but these and many similar neglects to which the public attention might profitably be drawn are not due to dearth of material out of which to construct such narratives, but to the prevalent scarcity of competent labourers in the particular vineyards indicated by these remarks. If many a Scottish literary field, which ought to be diligently cultivated, at present lies fallow, we should at least be careful to refrain from cursing the alleged poverty of the soil on account of a barrenness which is really but the discreditable consequence of our own stupidity, indifference to national literature, and want of enterprise.

"To many (says Sir James Ramsay) the glimpses of social life afforded by my charters will be thought revelations." Perusal of the documents printed by Sir James is a pleasurable exercise, and should certainly place all and sundry who may look into them considerably in the author's debt; but it is hardly likely that the "revelations" in question will be considered by

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students of Scottish history as particularly surprising. Sir James's occasionally somewhat naive remarks touching the contents of some of his own charters will probably strike the hardened reader (as indeed they have done the present writer) as odd in the extreme in an author to whose credit there already stands a book with so ambitious and impressive a title as that of *The Scholar's History of England*. "Few, I fancy, will be fully prepared for the extreme simplicity of life in the houses of lairds of substantial property (says Sir James in his Preface to *Bamff Charters*). The furnishing of a sixteenth century manor house is simply that of a modern bothie. The 'plenishing' of many a married ploughman's cottage at the present day would be found comfortable in comparison." These, if not brave, are certainly sweeping criticisms, and doubtless many besides those to whom "the glimpses of social life afforded by" Sir James's charters "will be thought revelations," will be anxious to see how their author sets about to substantiate them. His method in this respect is, to say the least of it, highly eclectic, for apparently he "founds" (as the genealogists say) his whole case on a single document—an "inventory of the 'goods and gear' i.e. the personal estate left by" one of the lairds of Bamff—Alexander by name—at his death. "The list (says Sir James) exhibits a lamentable picture of the poverty of Scotland and her gentry in the early sixteenth century—bare food and clothing was (*sic*) all that they could show." And all this misplaced and utterly mistaken commiseration is on the strength of a solitary document in the Bamff Charter-chest! Really, it is distressing to find

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the learned author of *The Scholar's History of England* tripping in so very unsophisticated and unambiguous a fashion! Might not the scantiness of the possessions left by the laird of Bamff at his death have been due to particular causes—say persistent ill-luck or habitual extravagance—rather than to the general nakedness of the land at the time when Alexander gave up the ghost? Although such a very simple explanation of his forebear's poverty does not seem to have occurred to Sir James himself, yet it may be as well to remind him, however late in the day, that the existence of a state of affairs such as these suggestions discover is quite within the bounds of possibility. The present writer remembers reading, in some learned collection or other, the inventory of the belongings of an officer of good birth who died at Edinburgh in admittedly very reduced circumstances early in the eighteenth century. His "goods and gear" consisted of a camp-bed, a few horn spoons, a pair of breeches, and some broken crockery—worldly possessions of even less monetary value than those bequeathed by the laird of Bamff, yet the present writer (and doubtless numerous others) would be exceeding averse from "founding" on those few sorry particulars any general conclusion unfavourable to the social condition of the Scottish upper-classes during the reign of Queen Anne. Defoe tells us that King James VI. "would never change his clothes till worn out to very rags," and though that Prince was undoubtedly often hard pressed for money, yet it should be far from any intelligent person to conclude that the England of those times was so poor that it could not afford to keep the monarch in decent clothing. A

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still more striking case is that afforded by Henry the Great of France, who, Sully tells us, was at one stage of his career so far from easy circumstances that he was actually pressed for the means of sustaining life. "It is indeed curious to see (he writes) how this household (*i.e.* Henry's) was supported. 'I am,' says this amiable and worthy prince in a letter to me, 'very near my enemies, and hardly a horse to carry me into battle, nor a complete suit of armour to put on; my shirts are all ragged, my doublets out at elbow, my kettle is seldom on the fire, and these two last days I have been obliged to dine where I could, for my purveyors have informed me that they have not wherewithal to furnish my table.'" One shudders to think what melancholy conclusions Sir James Ramsay would have drawn as to the social condition of contemporary France had the original of this excerpt, detached from the immediate context, turned up in the Bamff Charter-chest instead of in the *Memoirs* of the Duke of Sully, who expressly informs us that while the King, his master, was everywhere and all ways distressed, many of his courtiers and officials, on the other hand, were "revelling in luxury." Indeed, if the present writer is not greatly mistaken, there is another document printed in *Bamff Charters* which might well have put Sir James on the scent of that simple explanation to which, though it has been a pleasure here to assist him, yet it had been every way infinitely more satisfactory had his own acumen and critical faculty been the sole means of introducing him. "The contrast (says Sir James, in reference to an inventory of the 'goods, chattels, and

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personal estate' of one Andrew Morton, 'sometime Minister of Lundie near Dundee, who died in December, 1613') between the poverty of the laird and petty baron of the sixteenth century, and the comfortable circumstances of the seventeenth-century minister is truly startling." It frequently happens that things which are greatly "startling" to one man are accounted but the least of commonplaces by another who is better informed. Probably few persons will be disposed to see anything particularly astonishing in either the poverty of a sixteenth century laird of Bamff, or the prosperity of a "Minister of the Reformed Kirk," whose obit occurs in the century following. Fewer still, the present writer ventures to think, would be prepared to draw large general conclusions from premises of so exceeding slender and particular a character.

Let us now turn to what Sir James Ramsay's Preface has to say touching the subject of the place-names which occur in his charters. "The singular contrast (he writes) between the etymology of the place-names in Forfarshire and East Perthshire and that of the names borne by the owners and occupiers of the land carries us back to periods in our history lost in the night of time." This passage can hardly be described as illuminating, or as characterised by that sense of style which one would be apt to expect on the part of so accomplished and practised an historical hand. Moreover, is it indeed the fact that the "names borne by the owners and occupiers of the land" usually offer no contrast to those of the localities in which their estates are situated, which Sir James would

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appear to believe to be the case in most instances ? " The place-names are practically all Celtic (he says)—the names of the men, high and low, are almost as generally what would be called Anglo-Saxon." The question of what might or " would be called Anglo-Saxon " under the particular circumstances indicated by our author's remarks is not, for obvious reasons, one which the present writer proposes to open, but judging by Sir James's concluding observations on this head he would appear to be of opinion that districts whose place-names do not begin with the Celtic word *Mac* may safely be considered as Anglo-Saxon territory ! " Of course (he says) the indigenous Ogilvys, as I must call them, abound ; and there are a good many Campbells and others with names presumably of Celtic etymology, *but the ' Macs ' are conspicuous by their absence.*" And because " the Macs are conspicuous by their absence " we are required to believe that in spite of the existence of a flourishing colony of " indigenous Ogilvys " (who, by the way, if " indigenous," would certainly not be Celtic) a " good many Campbells and others with names presumably of Celtic etymology," Bamff and its neighbourhood are to be classed as Anglo-Saxon country ! It is really astonishing how much mischief a little knowledge may work ; but, let us proceed, for worse is to follow. " The wholesale removal (says Sir James) in the Lowlands of Scotland of a Celtic population, and its replacement by non-Celtic tribes is a fact known to all." Now many a supposed " fact," when narrowly enquired into, resolves itself into no " fact " at all, but is found to be pure and simple

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fiction ; and of this sort of " fact " the " fact " that is " known to all " is frequently discovered to be the most extravagant and mendacious of the whole lying tribe. The present writer regrets to state that it is to this latter category that Sir James's " fact known to all " undoubtedly belongs. The common belief that the Celtic population was driven out of the Lowlands into the Highlands is a myth. No such movement ever took place. History knows nothing of it. Charter evidence is distinctly opposed to it ; and if Sir James (or any body else) desires to know the many cogent reasons that have been urged against the creed to which he evidently subscribes, he cannot do better than to consult Robertson's *Theory of Displacement*, which he will find printed in the Appendix to that learned historian's *Scotland under her Early Kings*. The arguments advanced in that treatise have never been refuted ; the evidence published since Robertson's death is all in favour of it ; and it may be added that Sir James's own charters should have sufficed to render him suspicious of the " fact known to all " which he alleges, even assuming that he has never read a line of Robertson, and is in a state of virgin ignorance touching certain of the verdicts of latter-day Celtic scholarship.

One would have thought that, having publicly registered his acceptance of the Anglo-Saxon creed, the author of our Preface would have been content to be in all ways governed by that convenient, if exploded, superstition. But like many cultured people who condescend to popular beliefs, Sir James is desirous to improve on that which he has been so obliging

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as to honour with his patronage. He has discovered, accordingly, that there is "a large Scandinavian element in Strathmore," and he opines that the traces of this immigration are even more noticeable in the case of the personal names associated with this district than they are so in that of the territorial appellations. He notices "the singular predominance of names ending in the patronymic 'son'," and he adds that "the names of twenty-three Robertsons will be found" in his Index. "This patronymic (Sir James is good enough to explain) is not Anglo-Saxon. The English before the Norman Conquest used no patronymic; and it must be considered of Scandinavian origin, and a modification of the 'sen' (e.g. Jansen, Petersen, etc.) still so common in Scandinavia."

All this is really prodigious, and, however reluctant the critical reader may be to set Sir James's "must" at defiance, yet few there are but will agree, it is to be feared, that he has left them no option in the matter. Indeed, the only part of Sir James's statement which can justly be described as accurate is that in which he states that "this patronymic is not Anglo-Saxon." It certainly is not. It happens to be Celtic, the *Clann Donnchaidh*, or Robertsons, as they are styled in English, being one of the most influential and numerous of the clans of Perthshire. This family claims descent from one of the Mormaers of the ancient district of Atholl, and the name, as we might naturally expect, is of frequent occurrence in Perthshire and the counties adjacent thereto, while it is fairly numerous throughout the east of Scotland in general, from the Forth to Inverness.

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It is, surely, little short of astonishing that with the facts of Celtic history staring them, as it were, full in the face, authors should consider it as incumbent on themselves to go a deal out of their way in order to invent theories which the briefest reflexion, and the very smallest modicum of learning, should suffice to discover the utter insufficiency thereof. If these *Bamff Charters and Papers*—especially the earlier documents—prove anything, it undoubtedly is this, that the “original” proprietary of the districts with which they are concerned was predominatingly Celtic. Even Sir James Ramsay is half inclined to admit this truth, though his Scandinavian mare’s nest (an unhappy after-thought apparently) seriously discounts the value of his original leanings to common-sense. There are those troublesome “indigenous” Ogilvys (who, by the way, claim descent, and seemingly on very good grounds, from one of the Mormaers of the Mearns), “a good many Campbells, and others with names of presumably Celtic etymology.” The present writer has glanced through the list of the personal names printed in the index to *Bamff Charters and Papers*, and though he does not by any means desire here to set up as a Celtic scholar, yet he has no hesitation whatever in assuring Sir James that the vast majority of the appellations which he has tabulated are, in spite of their various modern disguises, of Celtic origin.

In justice to the author of the Preface which is here being criticised somewhat sharply, it should be stated that Sir James Ramsay is by no means singular in respect of the many historical and etymological

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heresies in which he has indulged within the slender compass of his Preface. The fact that, whilst the West of Scotland is Gaelic-speaking, the Eastern Counties, on the other hand, are inhabited by persons who habitually use the English language has long been a greivous stumbling block to those writers who, whatever their intellectual attainments in other respects, will, if weighed in the historical scales, be found greivously wanting from the point of view of Celtic scholarship. Face to face with the singular cleavage to which I have referred, and possessing little or no knowledge of the Celtic originals of their country, it is hardly to be wondered at if these writers, at a loss to account for the distinction referred to above, should have effected a common descent upon that explanation which the state of their learning, conjoined in too many cases, it is to be feared, with the importunities of their prejudices, conspired to recommend to them as being the easiest and the most plausible that could be advanced under the perplexing circumstances in which they found themselves placed. To banish with a few strokes of the pen the inconvenient Celts beyond the hills, and to bring in by the same simple means a Teutonic population to supply their room, seemed doubtless to these writers to be the easiest, if not the only, road out of the annoying difficulty with which they were confronted. That the explanation adopted by them happens to be historically unscientific; that so far from being supported by historical evidence it may safely be described as flying straight in the face of it; and that it is diametrically opposed to all precedent and probability; such considerations would appear to weigh little, if

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anything, with a sort of writers whose critical equipment (as whose learning touching these particular points) would seem to date from times considerably antecedent to our own. "No one is obliged to write history," said the late Professor M'Kinnon, of the Edinburgh Celtic Chair. "But surely (he added) no one ought to attempt to do so without previously examining all the available sources. What value would one put upon a history of Rome written by a person who did not know the Latin language and literature?" Mr. M'Kinnon's strictures were intended as a well-deserved rebuke to those who think to write Scottish history without possessing the slightest grounding in Celtic studies. It may not, indeed, always be possible for authors who desire to exercise their pens and talents in the field selected by Sir James Ramsay, or in the larger province of Scottish national history, to equip themselves for their self-imposed tasks in the manner regarded as necessary by the late Professor MacKinnon; but should circumstance unfortunately be against them in this respect, we are surely well within our rights in expecting them to consult some one who may be of use to them in guiding them through the early perplexities of Scottish national and provincial story, and more especially in expecting them to refrain from trying to "lay down the law" (and so stultifying others as well as themselves) touching matters in regard to which they are plainly and unmistakably profoundly ignorant.

Returning to the subject of that curious linguistic distinction or division (which some few apparently still think to be *racial* in origin) that characterises

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Scotland, the present writer ventures to think that it would have saved much trouble, misplaced ingenuity, and many quite avoidable sinkings in the art of writing history had those who support this whimsical "Theory of Displacement" done what the author of these observations has frequently compassed—fetched a journey, that is to say, to those parts of the country which, Gaelic-speaking within the memory of living men, are now, in consequence of the rapid in-roads of the English language and sentiments, either entirely given up to the canine lingo of John Bull, or are in a fair way to be so desecrated. The process of "Displacement" which has been going on, under our very eyes, as it were, in the districts indicated by these remarks, is precisely that which began in Scotland as soon as ever the Feudal system found foot-hold in eastern Scotland, which it did in the reign of David I. Then, as now, that changeful process entailed no "Displacement," save in respect of language, manners, and customs. The Gaelic language was obliged to yield pride of place to a junior, an interloper, and an inferior, but, as Robertson justly observes, "surely not *the men*."

A person writing on the subject of his own ancestry is always entitled, if not to implicit belief, at all events to a respectful hearing and our most distinguished consideration, more especially when he alleges "family tradition" in support of his statements touching the descent of his clan. The first Ramsay on record appears to be one who is mentioned as "*Nessus medicus noster*" in a charter by Alexander II., dated 9th October, 1232. "The family name (says our

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author) is not given to Nessus ; but his identity is not open to doubt. He appears in four several charters ; but the distinction of his office at Court,* or his personal celebrity, eclipsed the surname ; while in fact at that time surnames were only just coming into use." The last-mentioned is, of course, the true explanation, and "Nessus," or Nis (pronounced *Neesh*) was doubtless Alexander's native "body-physician," to use a term of later vogue, which was employed to make the necessary distinction between the medical attendant and the "soul-physician" or Confessor. There is a tale told touching the formation of that extensive sheet of water which bears the name of Loch Ness ; and though the present writer is by no means prepared to vouch for the truth of the particulars divulged by the tradition to which he refers, yet he here ventures to repeat the anecdote, in the hope that it may cause Sir James Ramsay to consult some wise man among the modern Gaelic-speaking tribes of Scotland. It is related that by reason of some gigantic convulsion of nature, due (the present writer is inclined to think) to the malicious intervention of the Evil One himself, there was long ago suddenly formed a loch in a part of the country in which such a thing—like the *Mac*† in Sir James's

* Nis, or Nessus, as the name is Latinised, was possibly (if not probably) one of a line of *hereditary* physicians to the Scottish High-Kings of the house of Atholl. His feudalised descendants styling themselves *de Ramessia* constitutes no objection to this theory.

† The vulgar superstition that Scottish personal names to which the prefix *Mac* is not attached may, as a rule, safely be re-

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country—had formerly been “conspicuous by its absence.” An old woman (so the tale appropriately goes) was the first to observe this singular transformation “Tha loch ann a *nis* !” (There is a loch there now !) she is reported to have brightly observed ; and so *Nis* or *Ness* was its name from that time forward ! If this legend be a lie *from* the present writer, it is certainly one *to* him ; but in any event, he has pleasure in making a present of it to Sir James Ramsay. It may suffice to set him on the track of an interesting discovery.

In spite of the many imperfections which characterise, so far as his Preface and Introduction are concerned, Sir James Ramsay’s present undertaking, he is much to be complimented on account of his publication of the *Bamff Charters*. Most persons will be inclined to agree that Scotland might easily be much richer than she is “in private documents given to the public” ; and inasmuch as Sir James’s example is nowadays all too rarely followed, he is surely entitled to much thanks on account of the welcome relief which his superior enterprise has afforded us. The modern gentry of Scotland are, as a whole, by no means distinguished by their love of letters, which renders it the more incumbent on us to acknowledge obligations and to applaud singularity whenever, as is the case with regard to these *Bamff Charters and Papers*, circumstance has placed it within our power to do so, without doing violence

garded as non-Celtic, is father to a host of absurd errors. *Mac* does not much enter into Celtic personal names (which were originally descriptive) until comparatively recent times.

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to the suggestions of moderation, or overstepping the limits imposed by a just sense of the various defects and imperfections that characterise the present publication. Probably there never was a time when the Scottish upper classes, regarded as a whole, were sunk to so low a state of intellectual vacuity as that to which a candid view of their present condition now finds them precipitated. The ferocious ignorance and unrelieved barbarity of manners that everywhere characterised the feudal noble were almost preferable to the bovine stupidity and appalling dulness of the average modern Scottish laird, who, possessed of as little learning as marked his mediaeval compeers, is far less active and enterprising than they were, and a deal less "picturesque" to boot. "Discourses on dogs and birds" constituted, according to St. Palaye, the staple conversation during the heyday of chivalry, and Gibbon's complaints touching the rustic bores among whom his lot was cast, whilst he was qualifying for the part of a "country gentleman" turned soldier, render it highly probable that indifference to culture and hostility to intellectual pursuits have characterised the upper classes at most times and in most lands. There may have been periods in the history of Scotland when our nobility and gentry were even less addicted to letters than they are at present, but however that may be, it is safe to assert that never, seemingly, was the *esoteric* patronage of literature and literary men more popular and more extensively practised among those classes to which these observations refer, than it is so at the present day.

These interesting Charters and Papers were "printed

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in England, at the Oxford University Press." They are well printed and sufficiently bound; but surely this is a work that might more appropriately have been entrusted to a Scottish firm of publishers. In these days of narrow circumstances and universal distress, the employment of our own people should constitute at least a second charge upon that patriotism whose first consists, apparently, in obliging those who are dependent for the means of subsistence on the usages of the upper classes to enter the military ranks, whether they are agreeable to it or not.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.



Scotia Gadelica

(I have pleasure in publishing the following notes and maps to which, however, a melancholy interest attaches, since their young and promising author was recently killed in France in an engagement between the Scottish forces and that portion of the German army which is there opposed to them. Ed. *The Scottish Review*).



THE enumeration of Gaelic-speaking persons in Scotland was first instituted in 1881. They were then found to number 231,594.

The census is confined to persons of three years of age and upwards.

At the census of 1911 (the last taken) the figures were 202,398.* Speakers of Gaelic *only* then numbered 18,400, as opposed to 43,738 in 1891.

The difference between the figures of 1891 and those of 1911 is, says the Census Report, "to be explained on the ground of abnormal loss by death or abnormal

* The number of speakers of Scots Gaelic *all over the world* has been computed at "about half-a-million," which should seem by no means an excessive estimate if we bear in mind the large Gaelic-speaking colony in Canada, the many bilingual Scots living in London and other large English centres, and in short the considerable "Highland" element in the many Scots settlements to be found furth of Scotland.

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loss by emigration." Those who are acquainted with the present economic conditions of the Gaelic-speaking counties will have no hesitation in ascribing the drop to the latter cause.

The following excerpts from the Census Report of 1911 may be of interest :—

" While there is good evidence that the proportion of the population without a knowledge of English is greatly reduced, there is no evidence of a similar reduction in the proportion having a knowledge of Gaelic ; in other words, the evidence points to the change consisting in a knowledge of English being added to, rather than substituted for, a knowledge of Gaelic."

" In 1891 the number of Gaelic-speaking children of three and four years of age unable to speak English consisted of 72·6 per cent. of the population of these ages, and this rate is now found to be practically unchanged, being 72·7 per cent."

" The fact that in these parishes (Gaelic-speaking) the proportion of children of under school age able to speak Gaelic, but unable to speak English, remains as high as it was in 1901, is indicative that the use of Gaelic in the homes is as prevalent now as it was then, and consequently indicates that there is little likelihood of Gaelic becoming a dead language for many years to come."

Here follows a list of the counties of Scotland together with the numbers of their respective Gaelic-speaking populations, according to the Census Report of 1911 :—

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Aberdeenshire, ...	1,094	} Gaelic speakers.
Argyllshire, ...	31,695	
Ayrshire, ...	1,435	
Banffshire, ...	378	
Berwickshire, ...	95	
Bute, ...	2,081	
Caithness-shire, ...	1,685	
Clackmannanshire, ...	224	
Dumbartonshire, ...	3,190	
Dumfries-shire, ...	224	
Edinburghshire, ...	4,989	
Elginshire, ...	1,214	
Fifeshire, ...	1,360	
Forfarshire, ...	1,122	
Haddingtonshire, ...	481	
Inverness-shire, ...	48,780	
Kincardineshire, ...	113	
Kinross-shire, ...	43	
Kirkcudbright, ...	119	
Lanarkshire, ...	24,947	
Linlithgowshire, ...	542	
Nairnshire, ...	929	
Orkney, ...	76	
Peebles, ...	100	
Perthshire, ...	9,038	
Renfrewshire, ...	5,587	
Ross-shire and Cromarty, ...	46,926	
Roxburghshire, ...	142	
Selkirkshire, ...	70	
Shetlands, ...	45	
Stirlingshire, ...	1,742	
Sutherlandshire, ...	11,839	
Wigtownshire, ...	93	

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It is frequently asserted that the Gaelic language cannot exist outside its own domain, i.e. that when it goes to the lowlands it goes there to die. The following particulars relate to the number of persons who have been *born* in each of the purely lowland counties enumerated, and who are returned in the Census Report of 1911 as Gaelic speakers. In the light afforded by those figures, the common belief above-mentioned would seem to stand in some need of modification. The language "movement" is certainly stronger in the towns and cities of the South than it is in the strictly highland area, where the people are less exposed to cultural influences, and where the feeling in favour of the preservation of the language is consequently at present less marked. As time goes on, however, we may reasonably expect the county districts to fall in line with popular sentiment in the thickly populated areas; civic thought, especially as regards its cultural aspects, being a powerful moulder of public opinion in rural quarters. "There is something," said Mr. John Fraser, M.A., Lecturer in Celtic and Latin at Aberdeen University, in an address delivered by him not long ago, "that we in Scotland can give the Gaels of Ireland. In Ireland the natural use of Gaelic is confined to the rural districts. In Scotland it is not so confined. There is in Scotland a Gaelic-speaking urban life, which could give to the Irish Gaelic novelist material that he could not find at home. Nor does this urban Gaelic life include merely the class of people who 'own pianos.' It embraces people who have to be content with less pretentious musical instruments, or with none at all."

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Ayrshire,	644	} Persons born in these counties are speakers of Gaelic.
Berwickshire,	26	
Clackmannanshire,	49	
Dumfries-shire,	99	
Edinburgh-shire,	968	
Fifeshire,	181	
Forfarshire,	378	
Haddingtonshire,	110	
Kincardineshire,	60	
Kinross-shire,	12	
Kirkcudbrightshire,	25	
Lanarkshire,	7,118*	
Linlithgowshire,	107	
Orkney,	62	
Peebles-shire,	14	
Renfrewshire,	1,716	
Roxburghshire,	62	
Selkirkshire,	13	
Shetland,	36	
Wigtownshire,	40	

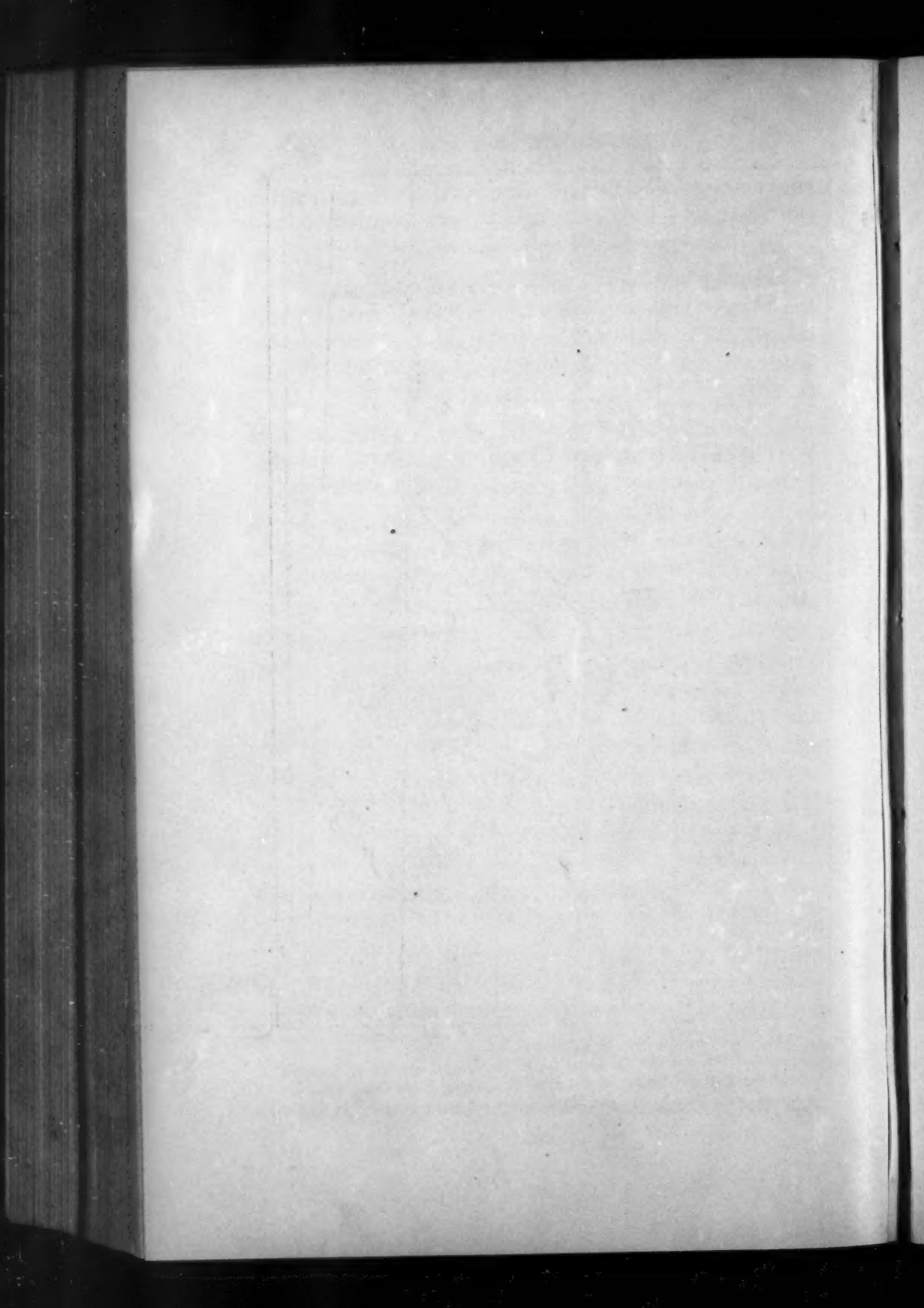
Under the heading "Was Gaelic the National Language?" the following letter, subscribed "T.D.," appeared in a recent number of the *Oban Times*. As it contains a succinct and, for the most part accurate, presentment of the case for the affirmative, I reproduce it here, together with some brief criticisms of my own, which the text of the letter in question has seemed to necessitate:—

"In reply to the enquiry in the *Oban Times*, it may be said that there was a time when history would fain make us believe that the Lowlanders and the

*It will be observed that the number of Gaelic-speakers *born* in this lowland county falls not much short of the present Gaelic-speaking population of Perthshire. Lanarkshire, therefore, must now be reckoned a "Highland" county, if it is permissible to use a purely geographical expression in a linguistic sense.



The country to the west of the dotted line is all, more or less, Gaelic-speaking, that is to say, in these parts, the ancient national language predominates as the language of the home, and that in which the transactions of every-day life are carried on. The Orkneys and Shetlands are not to be accounted as Gaelic-speaking.



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Highlanders of Scotland were racially as distinct as the Negroes and the Jews. There were some who maintained that the Lowlanders were pure Saxons, but this contention never had any serious hold. They were also thought to be Goths, which would make them equally Teutons with the Saxons, and consequently heirs to the 'kultur' of which we hear so much to-day.

"Scotland is admitted to have held at one time three principal nations—Picts, Scots, and Britons. This list excludes the Saxons of Bernicia. No living authority to-day, and no recent authority worth considering, asserts* that any one of these three were other than Celtic racially, with perhaps the exception of Professor Rhys, of Oxford, who claims that the Picts were of non-Aryan origin, and consequently equally non-Teutonic and non-Celtic, his supposition—and that is all it is—being that they belonged to a supposed aboriginal race styled Iberians, and that their language was therefore non-Celtic.

"All that the supporters of this theory can show of this supposed lost language consists of about a dozen enigmatical place-names, which are classed as Pictish.†

* The best Celtic scholarship is now agreed that a non-Aryan race preceded the Picts in the possession of these isles. Many Pictish place-names cannot be explained *via* any form of Aryan speech, and the late Dr. Henderson and other Celtic scholars find abundant traces of non-Aryan customs among the Picts. The Picts of historical times were a mixed people formed of "Iberians" (non-Aryans) and Celtic invaders, and the Pictish language (at least the little we have of it) reflects this blend.

† The writer of this letter is here misinformed. The non-Celtic place names of Scottish Pictavia alone greatly exceed this number.

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All the other place-names that intermingle with, and that surround these enigmatical names, are admitted to be Gaelic. Consequently, even if we admit without question the foreign nature of Pictish, it cannot be denied that Gaelic subsequently superimposed itself on the original inhabitants, assuming that such original inhabitants, if they ever existed, remained in being after their absorption by their Gaelic-speaking conquerors.

"So much for the non-Celtic claims. There remains but one contention. It is admitted, as I have said, that Pict, Scot, and Briton were Celts. It is admitted that the Scot was the founder of the Gaelic Kingdom; that his original territory was what is known in history as the Kingdom of Dalriada, and that it subsequently became 'Earraghaidheal,' Anglicised Argyle, meaning the territory or division of the Gael; and that his language, known as Gaelic, was cognate with Irish and Manx.

"How, why, or when, and by whom this tribe of Celts first came to be called Scots has never been made clear, but there is no disputing that this was the tribe known as Scots, and that it ultimately imposed its name on the whole country. They themselves styled themselves 'Albannaich,' and they are so known in Gaelic to this day, but the sectional term 'Gaidheal' (Gael) is used when the reference is to the Highlands as distinct from the Lowlands. The territory originally, called 'Dalriada' is known to have fluctuated in extent, being sometimes co-extensive with the present Argyle, but at other times extending to Lochbroom in the north, but to the east it was always bounded by

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Drumalban, the ridge or boundary of Alban, until the year 844, when Kenneth MacAlpine, the King of the Gaelic Scots, became the first King of all Scotland. So much for the Scots.

“Now for the Britons and Picts. No authority denies that the Britons were Celts, and cognate with the Welsh and the defunct Cornish. Their language is classed as belonging to what is known as the P Group of Celtic, as is also Armoric, the language of Brittany. In this connection it is interesting to note from accounts in the press that the Welsh soldiers in France to-day are able to converse with the French soldiers from Brittany, an extraordinary evidence of the vitality of their common language, notwithstanding that no intercourse or common literature has existed between them for perhaps two thousand years. Thus Welsh, and Cornish, and Armoric form the P Group of the Celtic family of languages, while Scottish and Irish Gaelic and Manx constitute what is known as the Q, or C Group. The remaining debatable question is whether Pictish belonged to the P or Q—C Group. The majority of authorities agree that it was nearer in kin to the P Group than to the other. Be that as it may, it cannot be gainsaid that from the time of the union of the country under one King, in 844, Gaelic was the official, the Court, and the Church language—the language of the people. From this time forward until the reign of Malcolm Canmore, who succeeded to the crown in 1057, Gaelic was undoubtedly the national language of Scotland.

“But from the year 547 till 1018, the province now known as the Lothians was under the sway of a Saxon

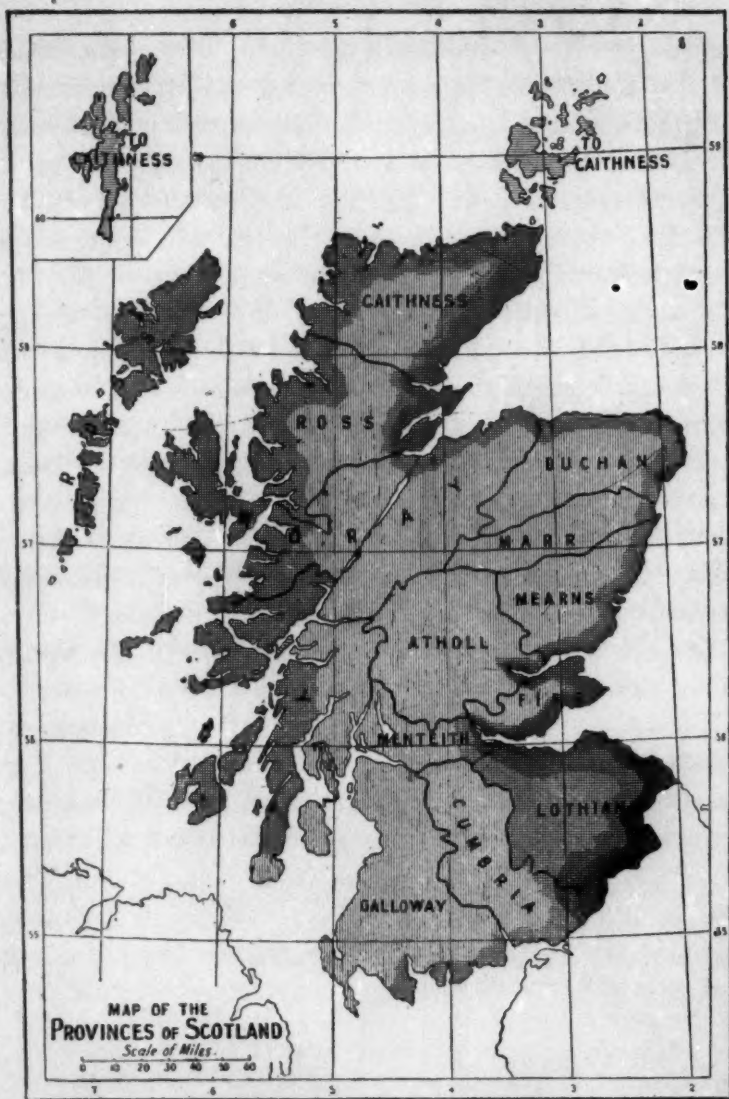
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colony, their possessions forming part of the Kingdom styled Bernicia. In the latter year King Malcolm II. of Scotland regained this lost territory for Scotland. It is probable, however, that the ascendancy acquired by Malcolm did not involve the expulsion of the Teutonic population from the Lothians. There is no evidence that the Lothians ever again became mainly a Gaelic-speaking province.*

Indeed, there was scarcely time for any change of that kind to come about, as only fifty years afterwards it was again subjected to a Teutonic ascendancy. Prior to his accession to the Crown in 1057, Malcolm Canmore spent some years at the Saxon Court of England, and it was, no doubt, owing to this King's residence in England that he subsequently welcomed the exiled royal family of that country to his own court. The exiles had many retainers and followers, to whom Malcolm showed favour, and the Lothians, already Saxonised, formed, doubtless, their land of promise. Consequently, it may be as well to leave the Lothians out of account when we are referring to Celtic Scotland. There is no evidence of appreciable Saxon influences being at work north of the Forth, even during the life-time of Malcolm's second consort, Saint Margaret, but with her advent English became the language of the Court.† Malcolm's eldest son by his first

* As the Teutonic population of the Lothians retained their own laws after Malcolm had re-united the province to Scotia, it is plain that the Lothians continued to be mainly, if not exclusively, Teutonic in speech.

† Malcolm had no "Court" in the later feudal sense of the word. The great Gaelic magnates of that time despised service about the



Showing the historic divisions of Scotland, and the distribution of the "Teutonic Fringe." The varying density of the horizontal shading shows the varying density of the Teutonic racial elements. Parallel shading indicates distribution of non-Teutonic racial elements, Celtic, "Iberian," etc. Both shadings are, of course, approximate only. Where horizontal cross with parallel lines the population is mixed Celtic and Teutonic.

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marriage, who afterwards became King Duncan II., was with his father during the time that the latter was residing at the English Court, and he probably there succumbed to the influence of English ideas. On the death of his father, Duncan fled to England, Donald Bane, brother of the late King, claiming the throne by right of the Celtic law of succession. After the temporary deposition of Donald Bane, Duncan was given the Crown on the condition that he drove from office all the Saxons who had been placed there through the influence of Queen Margaret, and Gaelic once more became the official language at Court.

"The oldest Gaelic charter extant is one dating from this reign. It is, however, held that Duncan could not overcome his Saxon and Norman leanings sufficiently to please his Gaelic subjects, who procured his assassination through the instrumentality of his uncle, Donald Bane, assisted by one of Margaret's sons, Edmund.

"In return for his adhesion to this plot Edmund received Saxon Scotland,* the territory south of the Forth, Donald Bane becoming once again King of

royal person, and continued to do so for many years after his reign. Neither is it correct to say that English became the language of the Court (such as it was) after Malcolm's marriage with Margaret. Doubtless, the King habitually spoke English to his wife, who would not appear to have acquired Gaelic, but all correspondence with the dignitaries (whether ecclesiastical or lay) of the Kingdom, was necessarily carried on in the national language of the country—Gaelic.

* But the territory south of the Forth over which Edmund reigned was only in part Teutonic. If we exclude the Lothians, the rest was Celtic.

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the Gaelic Kingdom north of the Forth. After a short reign of three years Donald was again deposed by Edgar, eldest son of Queen Margaret. Queen Margaret's family were educated at the Norman Court of England, and with the advent of her son Edgar, a Saxon by his mother's side but a Celt in the male line, to the throne of Scotland, Norman French became the official and Court language,* and continued to be so until after the reign of Alexander III. But there is evidence that all the Scottish Kings of the Celtic line knew Gaelic also.

"It is recorded that at the Coronation of Alexander III., in 1250, while the Bishop of St. Andrews officiated in Norman French, a Gaelic oration was delivered by a venerable Celtic seanachie. With the death of Alexander III. the Celtic Kings in the male line became extinct. All subsequent claimants, however, based their claims on their descent from native princesses. John Bailiol and Robert Bruce being the first Norman-Celto Kings, they having succeeded the Celtic Kings descended from Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret. But Gaelic still had vitality in the Kingdom.† Robert

* There is no evidence that Edgar knew no Gaelic or that his "Court" was French-speaking. The few important charters of that reign that have been preserved are all witnessed by Celtic names. The sons of Malcolm must, surely, have known their father's language, and that of the vast majority of their subjects! How could they have ruled the kingdom without being able to speak the national tongue? The residence at the Norman Court of England was purely "finishing," to use the language of the modern purveyors of education.

† It would be truer to say that Gaelic was still the national language of the country. It was certainly so during the reign of William the Lion which is proved by Jordan Fantosme's *Chronique*

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Bruce is said to have addressed the last Gaelic Parliament, which was held in Ardchattan Priory.

"When King's College, Aberdeen, was founded in the year 1494, Gaelic was, together with French and Latin, made one of the learned languages in which the

de la guerre entre les Anglois et les Ecosais en 1173 et 1174. Fantosme was Chancellor of Winchester; his poem was composed before 1183, and he was an eye-witness to some of the events he relates. King William being informed that a strong force under Richard de Luez, Justiciar of England, was at hand, abandoned the siege of Carlisle and hastily returned to Roxburgh. The poem begins to deal with this incident in the following manner:—

"And all is done by the King of Albany,
By his counsel, and by his great folly,

Hear, Lords, what happened from too great daring,
What befel them from savage Scotland.
Fine was the weather, without any bad storm,
The King of Scotland was of bold courage.
A good Knight and of great valour.
Before him a messenger came wandering,
A Canon was he and *knew the language*
Hastily he related to him his wrong," etc.

The following references should interest those people who maintain (and justly) that the kilt is the national dress of Scotland:—

"Thither (to Tyne) came the King of Scotland with armed people *and naked*."

Again:—

"Now has the King of Scotland prepared his host,
At Coldenlea were they assembled.
The trumpets were then loved
Which afterwards drove them from the land by force.
From Ross and from Moray they have gathered a great host;
Certainly Earl Colbein (of Buchan) did not forget to be there;
Lords, the Earl of Angus came there with such a force,
More than three thousand Scots he had in his command,
There were so many *naked people*—I know not what more to tell
you—

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students were permitted to converse. Lowland Scots (a Teutonic dialect) being strictly forbidden.*

"Gaelic was spoken by natives of Fife and Galloway as late as the seventeenth century. The chief Anglicising agencies were the marriages of Saxo-Normans with Celtic heiresses, and the filling of the principal ecclesiastical posts with Norman and pro-feudal incumbents.† To this day the Churches of all denominations are the principal Anglicising agencies in the country."

B. R. S.

There came not such a host from Scotland since the time of Elias." (See *Annals of King William*, by the late Sir Archibald Laurie).


Wearers of the National Dress are very apt to strike unaccustomed, but admiring, beholders as being "half-clothed"; but to an enemy, doubtless, the use of the epithet "naked" would seem to be justified by the circumstances!

* Though it is true that Lowland Scots (which hailed from the Lothians) is mainly a Teutonic dialect, yet it bears many traces of Gaelic influence as regards idiom, construction and vocabulary. Till the beginning of the fifteenth century, Gaelic was invariably alluded to as *lingua Scotia* or Scots, which is but natural if we bear in mind that the word, "Scot" means a Gael. The early charters contain many references to Gaelic as the "Scottish language." "Scots," or "Scottish" latterly came to be identified with the English dialect spoken in Scotland.

† The introduction of so many Norman ecclesiastics was undoubtedly a principal cause of feudalism, which, however, it was David's own desire to diffuse. Queen Margaret seems to have been a warm friend to the Culdees, and her innovations did not extend beyond certain reforms in Church discipline. But her son, David, was without question, a great innovator, in State as well as in Church. The statement touching "the Churches of all denominations" should be accepted with considerable reservations.

The Exploits of the Aged

(I have received several requests from readers of *The Scottish Review* to the effect that, before going elsewhere, I should give another translation from the Essays of the late Dòmhnall Maceacharn. For the following rendering of *Treuntas Sheann Daoine*, I crave the same indulgence as I ventured to bespeak for my translation of the same author's *Ath-leasachadh*. Maceacharn's Gaelic has been compared to Plato's Greek; but for my part I think that the style, humour, and spirit of this Essay are far more suggestive of Lucian.—Ed. *The Scottish Review*.)

 DAY or two ago, since I had nothing else to do, I started telling a tale to my wife. It so happened, however, that she was in no humour for that sort of pastime. Moreover, she remarked that she had already heard my tale time after time. I replied, half jestingly and half in earnest, that she would not be the worse for hearing it once again, if only she would listen to it. She declined to listen.

"Perhaps," I said, "you have never yet heard about the great big monster I slew on the Island-of-the-Seals, and to secure which, I was obliged to swim out far into the Atlantic Ocean, dragging it to land after me, against wind and tide?"

"I have heard that also," she said.

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"Or," I continued, "about that huge salmon which was on my hook throughout the whole of a white summer's day, and that got off after all? Ah! yon was the salmon! It was more like a whale's calf than an ordinary salmon. Indeed, it was no common salmon at all: I have never seen its like."

"I don't suppose you have, nor anyone else either," returned my wife. "And if my memory serves me, the first time you told me about the salmon, you spent but an hour or two playing it, but now you have stretched out the time to a white summer's day."

"Why not? That is natural enough. Are not our own days stretching out? Why, then, should not the salmon's do likewise? According to my first recollections of yourself you were but a stumpy little lassie who, up to that time, had done very little stretching in bone or sinew—neither, by the way, had the wee bits of clothes that were about you. There was not a single stitch of them that came a scrap lower than your knee; but see you, my lass, you and your clothes have stretched considerably since those days—particularly the gown. Two or three feet of it must now be sweeping the floor—in place of the broom which we used to sport."

"Be that as it may," she replied, "it is not becoming to be always telling the same story over and over again."

"Tut, tut," I said. "A good tale is never the worse of repetition."

At this stage of the dispute my wife cut our conversation short by taking up a book that was lying on the table, and, in less time than it takes to tell, she

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was up to her two ears in a tale that was vastly more pleasing to her than anything I could tell her about my own exploits. This caused me some displeasure, although I had a suspicion that there was not a little foundation for what my wife had said to me—that is to say that she had heard those tales of mine a good deal more often than was strictly necessary, though I do not suppose that that was a matter touching which I was under any obligation to feel much concern. I have a suspicion, also, that the charge which she laid at my door is one that is to be preferred against old age in general. I once knew a most worthy old man who persisted in relating to me every time I happened to meet him every exploit that he had ever achieved. He was ninety-four years of age when last I met him, and true to immemorial habit he set about repeating to me the same old tales once more. Listening to this most estimable ancient, one would be inclined to think that not so much as a palm's breadth of the cloud of trouble had ever crossed the firmament of his existence—that,

“The primrose and the daisies were covering the
banks”

summer and winter throughout the entire period of his youth, and that the glorious sun of those days proved constant to him during the whole of his journey through the world. The joyous and sanguine spirit that filled that old man's breast was a constant source of envy to me, for well did I know that he had had his own share of the sorrows and vexations of this life, although never a word did he ever say to me

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concerning them. I know not whether his later experiences were altogether too melancholy to admit of their being recalled to memory, or whether the mind, in active sympathy with the body, was desirous to avoid everything that might tend to aggravate that burden of the years which was causing the erstwhile strong man to stoop beneath its weight. Perhaps it is to the mercy of providence that we owe this beneficent provision, and that it is out of compassion for man's state when his strength begins to fail him that the peculiar faculty of which I speak has been bestowed on him—the power of turning from the troublous days of old age towards those earlier ones that were so infinitely superior to these last.

Instead, therefore, of finding fault with old people on account of their always seeking to revive the glories of the days of former years, should we not rather be profoundly thankful that such a blessed faculty is theirs? Young people, however, do not understand this. So long as they themselves enjoy the fulness of life they have little sympathy with the aged, whose humour it is to be always exaggerating,

“ The deeds of the days of the years that have
gone ”

—days in which the world was of a different shape to that which it wears in their declining years ; in which,

“ The glory of the sky and of the whole universe ”
was to them marvellous beyond measure, generating in their breasts thoughts that were infinitely higher than the concerns of this life.

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Some reflections of this nature were passing through my mind when my wife raised her eyes from the book she was reading, and with an engaging smile on her lips, again addressed me :—

"Donald, my jewel, listen to this."

"I will not listen," I replied. "You would not listen to what *I* had to tell you."

"How foolish you are!" she cried. "Small is the value of what you had to tell me compared with what I have here."

"It is every whit as valuable as anything you will find in your book," I retorted. "But if what I had to tell you has no value in your eyes, continue what you are doing; but rest assured that it is not your own appreciation of what you are reading that will render it in the least degree more valuable."

This put her into a huff. She thrust her nose again into the book; and for my part I continued my former train of reflection. But stop, where was I? Nothing save heart-ache is to be got by having dealings with women. When I am sitting comfortably and sensibly in my own arm-chair, covering myself with the glory of the poems and the smoke of tobacco, ten to one but *she* will burst in upon my high imaginings with some stupidity or other, just as she did on the occasion I have already referred to. There I was, mounted on the steed of my imagination, as it flew with me on the wings of swiftness through the immensity of space, and I deeply pondering the while on man's lot and the nature of the abyss into which the first house-wife caused him to be cast, when lo! that senseless interruption occurred which made me descend

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to earth quite as rapidly as ever I had quitted it. It is plain that mighty few women were on the hillock when the wisdom was divided up.*

If I am not mistaken, I was enlarging on the subject of the tendency of the aged to applaud the days of their youth, to exaggerate everything that happened in those times, and to think little of the deeds of the present generation, when I was interrupted in the manner I have already described. And, really, we need not be in the least degree surprised that affairs should be so constituted. It is surely natural enough that men should choose their "salad days" to ponder on. At that period of his life a man is lusty and strong. Without the slightest flaw or failure on the part of joint and sinew does he enjoy the May-day of his life, the whole world looking to his eyes like a charmed sphere. To youth's inexperienced ear all nature resounds with melody, while the young man himself acts as chorus to the music that floods his breast. What wonder, then, that man should award the palm to the days of which I speak, rather than to those unprofitable ones which are his portion once he has grown old? Days in which the sun is darkened and the moon refuses to give her light; in which the clouds return in the wake of the storm; in which those that keep the house are possessed with a thousand fears, and dread shapes frequent the avenues of life. Instead of the music of the groves being sweet to a man's ear in these days, he starts to tremble at the voice of a

*This figure is drawn from the cateran's custom of dividing the spoil after a raid, which was generally done on some convenient hillock.

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bird, because humbled to the dust are the daughters of song. Who is there, then, but will agree that the first state of a man's life is infinitely better than the last?

I am quite aware of the fact that the Preacher uttered sentiments like unto these three thousand years ago, but are they not just as applicable to our own times as they were to his? It is for this reason that I am persuaded that it is an ungracious act to refuse to listen to the aged, or to discourage them from recounting the deeds of the days of their youth. The pleasure which the aged themselves take in those times is evident enough. The old man lives again, as it were, in the days whose bravery he loves to recount. Permit him to do so. It is a trifling thing for you to listen to him, while to him it is a priceless privilege to taste again the joy of those years that can return to him in no other manner.

When I had come to this conclusion, I forked my legs against the mantelpiece, I pulled my night-cap down about my ears, I set my teeth, and I said to myself in a low, but determined, tone of voice,

"My hanging and my crucifying

And my clothing,* if I do not do as I like."

Again and again will I retell how I slew the monster, and how I did not kill the salmon, and everything I have ever done, or failed to accomplish, just because it is forbidden me to do so. The very next time I see Macgillemichael† darkening the door of my house I will spring on him the "Twisting of the Rope,"

* For burial. † The late Dr. Carmichael, the celebrated Folk-lorist.

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and I will keep up the game till cock-crow. Many is the tale to which he has listened, and not a few of them not half as truthful as those he gets from me. A night or two ago he was telling her—it is my wife I am referring to—about an unfortunate man who lost his head in some tussle or other. I cannot remember now whether it was by means of a shining sword of light or a notchy rusty sickle that his head was severed from his body—I was pretending that I was not listening—but at all events it seems that the poor fellow was by no means pleased to part with his head. After it he leapt, and seizing it, he quickly clapped it back in its proper place. In a second, there it was as firmly on his neck as ever it was ; but, unfortunately, in his haste, he put the mouth-side of his head at the back-side of his body, so that his mouth was now where the back of his head ought to have been, and the apple of his throat was at the back of his neck. How the poor wretch contrived to go through life in that hopeless back-for-mouth fashion I know not. I refused to listen. I stopped my ears lest so much evil communication should corrupt my morals. *She*, however, listened to the tale to its abandoned end—eye, mouth, and ear wide open, and greedily devouring every word of the narrative.

Pondering on the relish which some people have for this sort of folly, and the pains that others are at to satisfy the demand by collecting from far and near every nonsensical tale, extravagant story, or amazing anecdote touching the feats performed by man whilst the world was yet young, according to our notions, my opinion is that no one should grudge the poor old

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man his desire to add his own quota to the mass of all this vain and trifling conversation. For is it not just as worthy of credence as any of the nonsense that has come down to us from distant ages—ages in which man, in all probability, was nowise more truthful than he is to-day, if we are to consider him in the light of the rubbish that he devised, and which, carried on the breast of the stream of the swiftly flowing years, has in that fashion descended to us? How vastly scurvy a thing it is, then, that my wife should repose no confidence in the truth of the tales which I relate to my visitors, whilst she solemnly believes every single word that has been bequeathed to us from those dark ages in which man was little better than the wild beasts of the desert. If they were sensible tales—though not my own—that she honoured with her partiality, I could make a shift to understand it, but what is to be thought of rigmaroles so fully charged with every extravagant and improbable circumstance that nobody in whom there is the smallest glimmering of sense could possibly believe them—but there you have just the kind of tale which the women delight to listen to.

Besides ransacking the world above ground for tales and romances, are we not spending thousands of pounds English, year after year, in burrowing and delving amongst the ruins of the great cities of the world, in order to learn something about the men who built and inhabited them, and the sort of civilisation which they raised? So zealous are we in our pursuit of this kind of knowledge that it may truthfully be said that we have not left a single grave unturned, or cemetery unrifled, that seemed to offer prospect of

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some plunder. Pharaoh after Pharaoh have we dragged out of their tombs, in the belief that they were hiding from us something in regard to which it was proper that we should be informed. Perhaps in one way all this zeal is commendable enough, but in another, my opinion is that it is not a little disgraceful. To the best of my belief, the knowledge we have gained through the channel I have indicated goes to prove what I have already asserted, that the old people of former times were just as garrulous as are those of our own days, and every whit as mendacious—the tales with which they eased their idle hours being just as extravagant as those which the ancients of this age are accustomed to relate to one another.

Putting, then, this and that together, the conclusion I have come to is, that the only thing that ails my own stories is that they are not sufficiently mendacious, and that it is for this reason that they are held in so little esteem.

And if my surmise is correct, I beg leave to remark that it would incommode me little should I in future resort to generous measures. I see nothing to prevent me from adding two or three feet to the tail of the salmon, and stretching out the white summer's day to a year and a day. Methinks that that should oblige my wife to incline her ear and to open her eyes. I have not yet made up my mind touching the monster I slew on the Island-of-the-Seals, but if I do not make something truly terrific of it, set me down as a liar!

For my own part, I have no patience with people who strain at gnats and swallow camels.



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